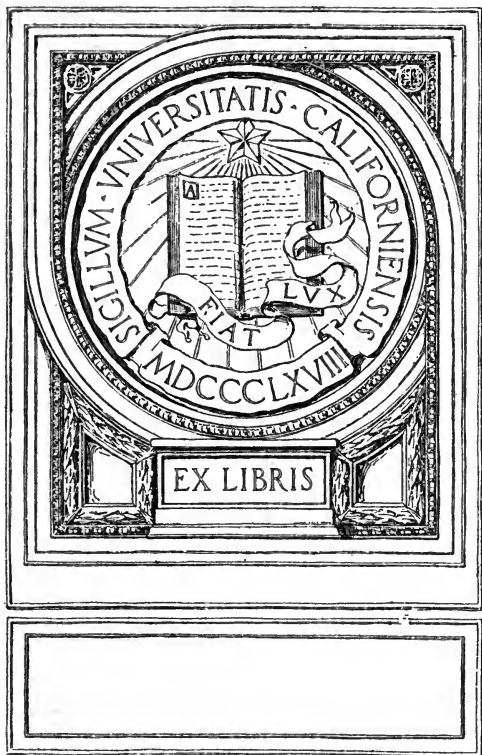


LAME *and*
LOVELY
FRANK CRANE

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LAME AND LOVELY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

HUMAN CONFESSIONS

GOD AND DEMOCRACY

BUSINESS AND KINGDOM COME

LAME AND LOVELY

ESSAYS ON RELIGION FOR
MODERN MINDS

BY

FRANK CRANE

Author of
"Human Confessions," etc.



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THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Religion and the Modern Mind

THE human race is incurably religious. We are more religious to-day than were the Puritans, the Crusaders, or the mediæval ascetic orders.

To see this we must understand what religion is.

Religion is nothing more nor less than life, in its purest, most elemental form.

Jesus, the greatest of religious teachers, never used the word religion: he spoke always of life.

It was the fortune, or misfortune, of the cult of Jesus to be taken up by the Latin world.

The genius of the Roman was organization.

So the Roman world organized the Company of Jesus into the Church, patterned on Cæsar's empire; and the teaching of Jesus it organized into a body of theology.

It is interesting to speculate what the Christ Company on earth might have been, if it had re-

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mained fluid, free, a spiritual leaven of open-eyed souls.

What if they had remained simply the spiritually elect, putting away the lust of conquest, either temporal or otherwise, refusing all endowments of money, erecting no temples, refusing all aid from the powers of this world, sticking stubbornly to the programme of Jesus and Paul?

It is useless to inquire. Such was not the plan of destiny, which has its own strange, slow ways.

Perhaps organization, institutionalism, and dogma, with their blinding quick success, are the kind of things the world can never understand except by living through them. Humanity had to have them, as a boy has to have the measles.

The opening of the Twentieth Century is marked by a change in the expression of ethical feeling.

The dynamic of Jesus is manifesting itself in terms of democracy, the removal of ancient privileges, the general rise in importance of the common people.

Socialism spreads in Germany, republicanism bursts out in Portugal, the House of Lords is clipped of its power in England, even China is in

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a ferment of democracy. Government everywhere is feeling the sun-rays of Jesus' influence.

In business more and more the principles of justice, and the claims of "one of the least of these," characterize modern life.

In literature the tendency is to study the common lot, to reveal its divinity and dignity, as well as to put the best literature within the reach of the multitude.

In art humanity is recognized in Millet and Israels, while only saints and kings were thought worth while by Rafael and Michelangelo.

The great discovery of modern times is The People.

All this is precisely the spirit of Jesus. The Puritan, monkish endeavor to attain individual holiness, and to develop the sensation of religious ecstasy, apart from the world, was a half-Jewish, half-heathen idea, into which the genial, out-of-doors and social Jesus never fit.

With him religious emotion meant nothing aside from its altruistic vent.

Thinkers to-day, who have any sort of vision, are ceasing to confound Christianity with the Church. That was the mistake of most of the so-called "infidels" from Voltaire to Ingersoll.

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Grant that Christianity and any one or more organizations or theological schemes are identical, and at once Christianity is indefensible.

It is only when we conceive Christianity to be a larger thing, a vast spiritual leavening, a kinetic spirit, of which the various churches are but one expression, but which in its entirety means applying the wisdom and feeling of Jesus to government, business, work, amusement, and all life, that we grasp the significance of Christ.

The Church, as John the Baptist, must say, facing him, "He must increase, and I must decrease."

The past deserves our reverence. It had its noble souls, its heroic ideas.

The past is the mother of the present. Out of the womb of its purpose the present has come with great travail. And one should respect one's mother.

But the past also must be criticised and judged, or we make no advance. We are to perceive and shun its mistakes, as every good son pleases his mother best in profiting by her experience.

To imitate the past in evil as well as good, for fear of being irreverent, is to live in slavery.

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Blind ancestor-worship means Chinese stagnation.

With all respect, therefore, while we appreciate that vision of God which our forefathers had, represented in such spiritual splendor as that of Francis of Assisi, yet for our own and for our children's sakes we must condemn their religion as nine parts heathenism and one part Christly.

Through the murky air of monarchical ideas the pure ray of Jesus' democracy hardly pierced.

The spiritual energy of this day takes a different direction from that which it took in the days before the dawn of democracy. We build no more cathedrals and monasteries; we build hospitals and public schools.

We go no more on Crusades to rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the unbelievers; we march against life insurance companies and railway combines for the sake of "the little ones" with whom the Saviour identified himself.

It is a fad to admire mediæval faith, as we admire mediæval stained-glass and picturesque castles. Carlyle and Chesterton both raise their voices to sing the glory of the "religious ages."

But the sole advantage of those times over ours

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is their perspective. It is "distance lends enchantment to the view." Study them, come close to them, and you will find that the religion of Dante's day, as Symonds said of its civilization, was founded on a dung-heap.

Their theology was based upon intellectual dishonesty. Their pious emotions were saturated with cruelty. Their faiths were the war-cries of party spirit. The religious wars in which they constantly engaged were infernal caricatures of that pure spiritual conquest Jesus set before him.

The flavor of the religion of the past is incense. The flavor of modern religious life is soap.

We are no more applying the gospel to the surface of the open sore of the world: we are treating the cause. We do not display our love for mankind by largess to the picturesque beggars by the church door; we are patiently endeavoring to rearrange our business system and governmental system so that all may have a chance to work at living wages, and begging cease.

To-day we also, "for Christ's sake," are widening our parks, seeking to curb the irresponsible power of money, rescuing little children from stunting labor and putting them in free schools, giving women justice and equality instead of tyr-

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anny garlanded with sensuous poetry, going to live in settlements in the slums instead of building missions there, cleaning up Havana and Panama instead of marching against yellow fever with a crucifix, circulating literature and establishing education among the masses to enable them to govern themselves instead of training a few to govern them.

Never before in the history of the world were the fundamental principles of Jesus more appealed to. Never before have men so defied ancient and established fraud. Never has humanity seemed more worth while. Never have classes, castes, traditions and all vested humbuggery been so unsafe.

Daily newspapers let the dread light of exposure through courts and camps. Demos has a thousand eyes. Kings and presidents, old families and millionaires, must show cause before the fifteen cent magazines and the one cent dailies. The rats and bats that for ages have fattened on human weakness and ignorance are greatly disturbed.

And what this age needs is to realize that *this is Christianity!*

This is precisely what Jesus meant!

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We are actually doing, unconsciously, and all the better so, the very business of Christ.

For we read that when the young Nazarene came to his home town and entered the synagogue, the book of the prophet Isaiah was handed him, and when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the good news to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." And he added, as he closed the book: "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Hundreds of earnest souls are doing this Christ-work who are under the dominance of the traditional notion that Christ is only to be found in some provincial, narrow organization. They need to realize that they, too, are of the Christ Company. They need to sing the ancient canticle:

Doubtless, O God, thou art our Father,
Though Abraham be ignorant of us,
And Israel acknowledge us not.

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It is they who form the real, invisible Church.

That Church is inherently unorganizable. To organize means to go in for money, influence and other forms of power over men aside from pure character, spiritual, personal influence.

You cannot organize religion any more than you can organize poetry.

No money ever helped Jesus' work in the world, no authority ever furthered it; just as no money or authority can hinder it.

The Church of Jesus is not "a mighty army." The whole military analogy stinks of cheap success.

All "campaigns," all efforts to raise money, to multiply church members, and otherwise to advance the cause of Jesus, as we would advance the cause of some candidate for President, displays a blindness to Jesus' very nature and oft-repeated notions.

For, if you ask him, he tells you that his triumph is like a seed growing secretly, a lump of leaven, the coming of the wind; and he will tell you to beware of money, to refuse the seats of high authority.

Against the mighty organization of the Roman empire he set his personality alone. It was

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enough. The golden thrones have been tumbled down; the thunder of the legions is forever still; but the personality of the wise and gentle Son of Man is the most powerful force in humanity now, two thousand years after.

Why can we not understand this? Religion is adjectival: it is not a noun. It is the quality of our work; it is not some special work. It is the tune of all deeds; it is no particular set of deeds.

The essays in this book are not to church members. They are to human beings.

They were not spoken in any temple; they were first printed in a newspaper.

In provincial days the church bell rang, and the neighbors gathered in the meeting house, which thus was the symbol of communal righteousness and aspiration.

To-day the ends of the earth are neighbors, by the printed page. The new congregation gathers about the newspaper, for better or for worse.

I am inclined to fancy that if Jesus were to come to-day he would come into the columns of the daily paper, and speak there, amidst the cries of advertisers, the contention of politics, the antics of the joke-makers, the parade of business; for there he would find that same common people that once

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"heard him gladly" in the streets of Jerusalem and the by-ways of Galilee. For his message is not of the temple, but of the street.

In the name and spirit of Jesus therefore I send these little preachments to the common folks, to all those who for one reason or another are groping, in the hope that something herein may make again clear and dear to them those evergreen spiritual truths and emotions which are the chief beauty of souls.

The River of God runs through the streets of the city.

For a Chicago newspaper I once wrote, concerning Jane Addams of Hull House:

"There is a river the streams whereof
Make glad the City of God."
I went through death to find this thing
And all through heaven I trod.

Now heaven's a wide and wonderful place,
But the people are much as we,
So I came back home in sorrow and thirst,
And there one said to me:

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“ O fool, you have traveled far to find
What you've crossed over time and again;
For the River of God is in Halsted Street
And is running black with men.”

“ Then maybe Chicago's the City of God? ”
Said I. “ Perhaps,” said he;
“ For to find that City you need no wings
To fly, but eyes to see.

“ And low in the rushes the river sings,
And sweet is its spirit lure,
For it waters the joys of loving and living
That grow in the hearts of the poor.”

So I took me a place in the City slums
Where the River runs night and day,
And there I sit 'neath the Tree of Life
And teach the children to play.

And ever I soil my hands in the River,
But ever it cleans my soul;
As I draw from the deep with the Silver Cord,
And I fill the Golden Bowl.

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LAME AND LOVELY

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place by mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love, appeared for a brief instant in his station, and, depositing a wondrous birth, straightway disappeared. And this charge was the self-same babe who goeth lame and lovely.

— CHARLES LAMB.

AT first thought we seem to be drawn toward one another by our excellences, but a little reflection will convince us that our truest attraction lies in our defects.

Man's "lower nature" has come in for hard knocks by nearly all moralists, but it is none the less the cement of our sociality.

As humanity is now constructed, it is hard to see how there could be any love, any family life, or anything at all, in life or literature, except the drabs and grays, were it not for the much berated animalities.

LAME AND LOVELY

We speak of "the communion of saints," but is there not also a communion of sinners — are we not bound together by our lapses?

I do not write this in praise of immorality. I am no "devil's advocate." Over and over again, whoever speaks of moral laws at all must sound the warning that what he says must not be carried too far; that, no matter what his truth, it is but half the truth; the other half abiding in the common sense, balance, and judgment of the reader's mind.

And truly this unity in fault may be pushed to the extreme indicated by Hawthorne in his "Marble Faun," where he speaks of the brotherhood of crime, and how all murderers, for instance, from them that slew Cæsar by Pompey's pillar to the last blood-guilty wretch named in to-day's paper, have joined invisible hands in spiritual kinship.

But the truth of which I speak is to be taken with care and niceness. Using thus due discrimination, we can get good out of the fact that practically all loveliness is lame.

Love does not leap toward perfection; it clings to imperfections. No class is so universally loved as babies, who are most incomplete. It is their helplessness that appeals; and all our affection

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rushes forth in response. So also a mother will love a crippled child more than a sound one.

Have you never observed how a little weakness in a hero brings him near? That story telling of Lincoln, which was the main accusation against him his enemies made, endeared him to the people. And not a little of his hold upon our tenderness is due, I believe, to his most unprepossessing of faces.

Washington never made a neater stroke to conquer "the hearts of his countrymen" than when he lost his temper that time in battle, and said things that are expurgated from school histories.

Whoever construes this as a recommendation of evil misses the point. For the point, the moral bearing, is this: That no person should lose heart and hope because of his mistakes. Slips, errors, and sins have the quality of lovely lameness only in those who struggle against them and fall because of their humanity. Not to struggle, but to turn and love and follow evil for its own sake, is not human at all; it is devilish.

To err is human, but not wholly. What is really human is to err and hate it; to sin and loathe ourselves for it, to slip and to be ashamed of our slipping.

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And it is in this battling, this Alp-climbing, that characterizes the human soul, that its loveliness inheres. We admire those who are on the heights; we love those who are scrambling up, with torn hands, bleeding knees, doubting hearts, spent breath, full of fears — but climbing, climbing!

John has a light-giving saying: "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us." Love is always from the higher to the lower, from the more to the less perfect. So the Christ was called "the Friend of Sinners."

Any soul that has genuine greatness, the kind of holiness that springs from grandeur of soul instead of from refined egoism, will ever be smitten with love toward the weak and passion cursed, and not with disgust. It is the mark of Jesus' majesty that he was drawn so mightily to our foolish and vice-shot humanity. Contempt has no place in a soul that loves.

How vain, then, our fears that our dead, who have been long in the pure perfection of heaven, may despise us! Directly the contrary! for the nobler they grow, by the side of him who loved the weak and wicked with so miraculous a passion, under his tutelage who put the sign of the cross upon the divine stooping to our lowliness, the

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nobler they become, I say, and the more they learn of the inward mystery of love, the more they stoop to kiss our blind eyes and to bathe our twisted wills and lusts with their tears.

“Lame, lame!” cry out all the heavenly host as they see this toiling band of mortals painfully writhing up the slopes of light, “lame — and lovely!”

THE UNIVERSAL CREED

Chi non stima la vita, non la merita.— He who does not value life, does not deserve it.— LEONARDO DA VINCI.

*Men should be judged, not by their tint of skin,
The Gods they serve, the vintage that they
drink,*

*Nor by the way they fight, or love, or sin,
But by the quality of thought they think.*

— LAWRENCE HOPE.

IN the one universal church to which all good men belong, composed of those of all faiths who honestly live up to the best they know, whether Christian or pagan, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, there is a certain fundamental creed. This, the greatest common divisor of all creeds, may be thus stated:

1. The good man sees, acknowledges, and believes in, first of all, the difference between right and wrong. When the word ought disappears from one's vocabulary he may be sure of moral

THE UNIVERSAL CREED

decay. The one man abominable to any decent society is the man who thinks nothing matters. We can tolerate one, even, who doubts there is a God; but if one believes there is no line between right and wrong, then, as Dr. Johnson said, "let us count our spoons when he leaves."

2. The good man believes that happiness will come to him, permanently, and as a law, only as he practices doing right. Joy, peace, and bliss are not to be cozened nor juggled from God or nature, but are the sure portion of them that persistently do what they think right. Doing right, of course, does not always bring money or fame or other external desired things, but it brings peace and poise to the soul, as surely as three times five make fifteen. There are no more exceptions to this rule than to a law of physics or of geometry. The cosmic accuracy runs in spiritual as well as in material things.

3. The good man's duty (in which he finds happiness) is first of all to develop his personality. God made him for a purpose; his joy will consist in finding and fulfilling that purpose. He is not to be some one else, not to copy; but, using all masters, to become more and more himself.

4. It is his duty to be strong. He can be of use

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to others only as he has force in himself. He, therefore, shuns all things that tend to weaken his arm, his brain, or his heart.

5. His duty is to be clean. This item of the creed is oldest and newest; oldest, in that cleansings were a part of every early religion, the commands of Moses, for instance, abounding in lustral rites; newest, in that the one lesson of modern science is the power and safety of the antiseptic life. The devil's name, as far as bodily health and mental clearness and spiritual vigor is concerned, is dirt. Dirt is the one enemy to be hated with all one's soul and to be fought unto one's last breath.

6. His duty is to be brave. The basic sin of all sins is cowardice. The higher the realm of life in which we move the more dangerous is any kind of fear. And the most deadly of all fears is the fear of the truth, or the fear for the truth. Any man or institution that fights to preserve himself or itself, for the sake of "expediency," that is to say, for fear the truth might do harm, any man or institution, in the words of Zangwill, that proposes to live and die in "an autocosm without facts," is doomed.

7. His duty is to love. Although, according

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to the foregoing points in the creed, he is to develop self and be clean, brave, and strong, yet he is to find his motive for all this and the end for which he does all this, outside and not inside of himself. It is at this point that he rises, like an aëroplane leaving the runway on the ground and soaring aloft; here the man leaves the company and similitude of all other creatures. In his power to be actuated by unselfish motives he becomes as a god compared to the beasts. He lives for his wife, his children, his friends, his country, his race; so, in widening waves his radio-dynamic flows. The good man, therefore, hates no living creature. He despises no human being. In him is a centrifugal power outflowing to inundate the universe.

8. From this love arise all graces and virtues as naturally as peaches grow from peach trees. Loving all he cannot soil a soul, nor wrong a fellow being, nor hurt wantonly, nor usurp, nor push for precedence, nor be unkind, nor in any way drift into the low, poison life of egoism.

9. His one aim, last of all, is to serve. Strong in himself, fearless and loving, he arises at length to the platform where stands he who was called "the first born among many brethren." He is

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the Master's companion and also can put away all cheap success, all luxuries of greed and dominance, and repeat his Master's words: "Let him who would be greatest among you be servant of all. I, too, come not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Over his grave may be inscribed what Anthony said of Brutus:

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

FRIENDSHIP

I call you not servants, but friends.—JESUS.

WHEN a man says friendship I think he utters the deepest word in human speech. It ranks even a little higher than love, being a sort of unselfed love, love with the itch and hunger extracted.

We do not love our friends; we like them. We love our children, wife and parents, and kinsfolk. We like apples and custard pie and a cozy fire and a good bed and slippers — and our friend.

Like goes farther in than love. Like is a voice from the subconscious self, a cry from the inward and unknown me. It lies behind the will, beneath the judgment, in the far darkness of our secret soul.

It does not say that a wife cannot be also a friend; but she rarely is; she is usually an enemy, to whom we are most passionately attached. And if she be a friend, then that friendship has grown up from other sources, and is of a different texture

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and quality from the sex motives which make marriages. Not many women would tolerate comradeship from a husband. Perhaps this is as it should be, and nature needs fiercer fires for her necessary results.

Still rarer is friendship between parent and child. It is an amazing thing I have noticed here, how warm, intelligent and cultured father and son both strive for friendship and cannot attain it. Sometimes they succeed, but so rarely that it may be called a phenomenon.

Whence, then, come friends? And who are they? And how can one make them? All answers to these pathetic questions seem to me to be unsatisfactory, partial, insufficient, and by the way. The rules of the wise will not work. We do not make friends by being noble and good; friendship does not arise from similarity of tastes; and otherwise one can, in actual experience, drive a coach and four through all and any of the prescriptions of the proverbial philosophers.

The fact is that the secret springs of friendship are wholly mysterious. Searching for them we must report like the Louisiana sheriff reported on the back of a writ "*duces tecum*" which he had been given to serve upon a negro who had escaped

FRIENDSHIP

into the swamp: "Non comattibus, up stumpum, in swampo." As I look over my friends I find I like them as a dog likes his master. So I conclude that this emotion must originate in some Newfoundland or St. Bernard region of my nature, and is probably one of those instincts not yet eliminated by evolution, something I share with dogs.

For all that I honor it as the best thing I am conscious of. I am prouder of liking my friends than of any other of my small bunch of virtues. When I think of Bill and Lige and Al and Ralph and Newt I get a kind of warmth about the cockles of my heart no other contemplation can produce.

And the bitterest hurts I have ever felt are those made by the disloyalty of others whom I thought friends and trusted. Nothing is so salt and nauseous to the soul as the taste of Judas in the mouth of memory.

And it seems to me — for this, after all, is a sermon — that religion, rightly taken, is rather a friendship for God than a love to God; and that we would better translate all the Bible's admonitions to love God by the paraphrase to be friends with God.

To love God has a conventional sound; but to

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be a friend of God — that is a searching and swordlike word. It means to like Him; not to avoid Him; to seek His presence; to be at home with Him; to be cheered, consoled, quieted by the thought of Him.

Speaking for myself, I can say that I never came into this comfortable relationship until I had swept away all I had ever been taught, dared to presume upon the debt God had incurred toward me by making me, and took my rightful place as His son at His table.

It does not require any assumption of holiness or sinlessness to do this; it only needs to presume upon the vast noble-mindedness, kindness, and forbearing wisdom of such a heart as Jesus reveals to us. It requires a tremendous burst of moral courage to believe God likes the kind of man I am; but I do believe it; and the result is the greatest ethical dynamic of my life — the friendship of God.

PREPARATION

Before an artist can do anything the instrument must be tuned.— HENRY DRUMMOND.

ONE way to open a locked door is to fall at it and scratch, kick, and shove! A better way is to get the key.

In other words, pluck and force and will power are all right in their place, but they are far from being the only secret of success. They are downright silly without — preparation.

Knowing how is half the battle. Practice and study count. Skill and efficiency mean a long time getting ready. We are familiar enough with this truth in ordinary matters. We send boys to school and prentices to the shop, and would-be stenographers to night school. For we recognize that the untrained man these days has to get off the earth, there's no room for him. But we often fail to carry this primitive common sense over into the more serious concerns. We forget that one also has to learn — how to live. One cannot go

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at it tooth and nail. It is not to be stormed, forced, and stampeded. It takes science, training, and practice.

The learning how is hard, always; but essential. The only things one can do without practice are over-eating, over-drinking, laziness, bad temper, selfishness, and general meanness, also uselessness. But the good things come hard. Take humility, rarest and noblest of virtues. The only road to humility is by being humiliated, which hurts.

The only way to patience is by self-restraint under irritation. If there is nothing to gnaw and worry and heckle us, then we never learn that beautiful art of patience. The only path to belief, that is, to the only kind of belief that is of any use to character, is through doubt. Faith is a product that is ground out of the mill of dismay, confusion, despair and struggle. Intellectual assent is cheap. The confidence that is a triumph of the soul over pessimism and fatuous reasonings is worth something.

The only means toward rest is work. It is to tired bones the bed tastes sweet. The soul can never enjoy letting go that has never hung on. Real placidity is the product of strenuousness.

So also the preparation for knowledge is love.

PREPARATION

Truth is not a lump of something a man may go and pick up. Truth is not any thing at all. It is relation, a quality, a shine, an odor. It is not perceived by the intellect; it is perceived by the heart; the intellect merely criticises and classifies it. The secret of Edison's discoveries, and of Koch's, and of Marconi's, is love. Only love can see. It has the X-ray eye. And this is true in business, or science, or literature, or art, quite as much as in religion. Brains can amass truths and pigeonhole them and arrange them; only passion of some sort can find them out where they are hidden.

Sorrow, disappointment, heartbreak, bereavement, all such things are the anterooms of greatness. There is a state into which a man can grow where he resembles an ordinary man about as much as a fine thoroughbred horse resembles a broken-down hack horse, or as a big American beauty rose resembles a dusty weed. Nobleness of character, grandeur of soul, sweetness of spirit, no one can get these without being prepared.

Some of us have the ignorant notion that we could be noble if we cared to make the effort. We are like the man who, when asked if he could play the violin, said he didn't know — he'd never tried.

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What a deal of getting ready to live is needed! A man never really learns how to live till he's ready to die. And if with most of us, all of us, life is a mighty getting ready, then it is a getting ready for — what?

It is this tremendous question that unlocks the door of death and gives us our surest hope of the life beyond.

THE INSIGHT OF LOVE

Faithfulness to us in our faults is a certain sign of fidelity in a friend.— J. G. HOLLAND.

LOVE has been called blind. That is because it will not and cannot see faults.

So men have despised love and boasted of intellect, which, they say, can discern the truth better.

And herein men simply display their ignorance and show that they do not know what truth is nor what knowing is.

For a living truth, or the truth about a living thing, was never yet perceived by any brain. Mind can see dead truths, such as that two and two make four, or that here is a book and there is a man, and all such things that have to do merely with material and inanimate propositions; but truths that grow in the human spirit are only visible to the eye of love.

Whoever loves, sees; and whoever sees, sees only things lovely. For the soul of a human being

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is essentially beautiful, and only the love ray can reveal it.

This is proved by the fact that wherever we find love in its purest and intensest form you find always that it has this glorifying effect. In three instances you will find love at its best.

First, in the love of a mother for her young child. This affection cannot see evil. The mother kisses the crippled feet, yearns over the weak will, and sees beneath all naughtiness to a substratum of charm that is invisible to you and me.

Second, in the first love of a man and a maid. Here Puck has squeezed upon their eyes the juice of that same flower he used to make the fairy queen love the clown with an ass's head. No matter how gross or common to our unlit eyes the girl may be, her lover thinks her an angel. So this sex love, when raised to its spiritual potency, is the most wonderful of all discoveries. To the infatuated lover she has no faults; they are but eccentricities of divinity no one but he understands. He would not change her in any least way, lest she should cease to be she, and so be less a miracle. This is not folly, nor blindness. It is insight. For any one of us is precisely so beautiful and

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glorious and majestic, if any one could be found who would love us enough to detect it.

For awhile, at least, it is given to us, in the passion of youth, to see another soul as angels see souls. There never yet was love enough in this world. God send more! And to any lover we may speak those words of Wordsworth:

Thou blest philosopher who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye amongst the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal Mind!

The third instance is God's love for the human soul. The revelation of this, the emphasis he placed upon this, is Jesus' chief contribution to the happiness of the race. For, singularly enough, the reverse of all the creeds, is truer than the creeds. God's faith in me is more saturated with redemptive potency than my faith in Him. The thought that infinite goodness can and does love me is the flame that lights my love to Him; as it is written: "The spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord."

What the world needs is trust, or rather to be trusted. Slowly and through painful years and centuries of intellectual stupidity we are to learn that children are to be made better by believing in

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them and appreciating them rather than by flogging and scolding; that criminals can only be cured by trusting them, never by punishing them; that nations are best conquered by disarmament and defenseless confidence, more certainly than by armies; and that sinful men are to be won to worship and morality by revealing to them through love their own dignity as God's beloved, rather than by threats and curses; that while Sinai and the white thunders of the law drive men to despair, Calvary and the revelation of divine love lift them to nobleness.

Love is not blind. Love is the only thing that sees.

MAN IS A SPIRIT

*My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.*

— MACBETH.

The final goal of all true culture is the liberation of man from the "sensual gravitation" which every one experiences in himself. Essentially as a creature of the senses man begins his course in this world, essentially as a creature of the spirit he should finish it here, and, as we hope, continue it in another world under more favorable conditions.

— CARL HILTY.

“**G**OD is a spirit,” said the Master, but for that matter man is a spirit also. We are all “spooks.” The Bible says that no man hath seen God at any time, neither hath any man at any time ever seen a man. We are kin mysteries to Deity.

Carlyle relates how old Dr. Samuel Johnson, the grand mogul of English literature, used to go poking about strange places in Cock Lane looking

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for ghosts when all the while the streets were full of them, had he but known it; he jostled them daily in the thoroughfare, and the good doctor was himself a wraith, in a substantial envelope to be sure.

Because you have seen my clothes and face and hands is no proof you have seen me. I have never even found myself.

The first and most pregnant of truths is that we are essentially spirits, and we come into the better quality of living only as we recognize this fact and cultivate our spiritual nature. "To be carnally minded is death," said St. Paul, "but to be spiritually minded is life."

We enter the world as little animals; we ought to go out of it great spirits. An old man should be more beautiful than a baby, for the baby is but a charming animal, while the old man may be a lofty, wondrous, fascinating soul. That this is not the rule and that we dread old age shows that we have not yet learned what it is to live, nor realized the value of character.

To live, in the fullest sense of the word, is to find our aims and enjoyments in the spiritual plane. But spirituality must not be too narrowly defined. It does not mean an absorption in reli-

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gious emotions. That is only one phase of it and too often overemphasized.

Whatever sets our pleasures over from the body to the mind, from the flesh to the spirit, belongs to our spiritual assets and helps give life poise and permanence and the quality of immortality.

The American people do not yet fully appreciate the moral and civic value of the arts. We regard music and painting as mere amusements, good for those who happen to like that sort of thing. They rank a little higher than baseball. But we are mistaken. They belong to the assets of civilization. They assist in redeeming a nation from brutishness, from the rule of coarse lust, greed, luxury, and bloodthirstiness. They are a part of the "kingdom of heaven."

The love of nature, the power to get satisfaction out of the contemplation of the blue mystery of the lake, the splendid spectacle of the night sky and the stars, the loveliness of leaf, and tree and flower, the imposing majesty of mountains, the calm of rivers, and the moods of the great ocean are also distinct aids in bringing our lives up out of the slough of mere bodily desires.

Not that the body's appetites are wicked. They are good. God made them. But He also

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made hogs. They are simply low. They are good only as they are kept in their place. And more and more, as life unfolds, they should fall away. And they will if you control them and discipline them. All their fiery forces will pass over into soul power just as the rotting mold sends its filthy juices into the plant stem to rise and become white lily petals bearing fragrance.

Thus beginning as animals we work our way up to our inherited privilege as spiritual beings in the wide, beautiful, and healthful sense of the word. By cultivating the mind, by science, by art, by music, by the love of nature, by intercourse with high-minded persons, we ascend out of the dirt into the sunlight of life.

Nothing is so valuable to assist us in this as an intelligent appreciation and reverence for God. We ought to recognize His spirit in His universe just as we recognize a man's spirit in his body. Out of a rational, sensible religion, communion with God and with good people we get what we find nowhere else, a constant nourishment for truth, love, honor, self-control, hope, and optimism in our hearts.

THE WASTE IN HATE

But I say unto you, love your enemies.—JESUS.

ONE of the most luminous observations upon hatred is that of Baudelaire: "Hatred is a precious liquor, a poison dearer than that of the Borgias, because it is made of our blood, our health, our sleep, and two-thirds of our love."

The main point to know about hate is that it does not pay. It is pure waste. It exhausts our vital forces and gives us nothing in return.

Baudelaire well calls it poison. For of all passions that lodge in the soul it has the most septic, heady, and yeasty quality. If we really hate a man, we ought to hate him too much to hate him.

That is, we should not be willing to give him the pleasure of making us unhappy; and we can surely cause him more discomfort, if he bears us genuine ill will, by letting him see that he cannot disturb our peace.

Why should I let my enemy rob me of my sleep? Why, for his sake, should I indulge in

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thoughts that are to me as black coffee at bedtime and give me a "white night"? I shall put aside all feeling about him, even if it takes as much moral effort as a drunkard needs to refuse his liquor.

The word of Emerson, speaking of Lincoln, is to me the ideal of manhood, freed by its very greatness from the self-torture of resentment: "His heart was as large as the world, yet it had no room in it for the memory of a wrong."

More practical, more mundane, perhaps, but not less forceful, was the remark of the late Paul Morton, who answered, when asked if he did not like to "get even" with any one who had done him wrong: "I haven't time. I am too busy."

A friend was once swindled out of \$5,000 by a rascal whom he had trusted. To the surprise of every one, he made no effort to prosecute the man. One of his friends asked him why it was that he did not take steps to get justice.

"Well," said he, "it's this way: If I should go to law I could possibly regain my money and punish the fellow; but it would take me about two years to get the case through all the courts, and in the meantime a world of hard feelings and feuds would be created. Now, I figure that I can make

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that five thousand, and more, by strictly attending to my business for those two years, and feel a whole lot better." This, I take it, is as good philosophy as was ever uttered in Greece.

To get rid of hate and its spendthrift results upon us, we must live upon the heights. It is all a question of the plane upon which our daily thinking and feeling take place. To bear grudges, to harbor bitter animosities, to wish evil to any man, to look and hope for disaster to any creature, is to dwell in the lowlands, in the miasmatic swamps of life, and to breathe febrile and malarious vapors.

If we can, by a moral effort, pull ourselves up to the mesa, the highlands, where move such figures as Antoninus and Lincoln and Jesus; if we can rise thus to the point where we can feed our enemy if he hunger and give him drink if he thirst, we have the double satisfaction of triumphing over him, which is pleasant, and over ourselves, which is an infinitely greater pleasure.

Dr. Holmes calls argument the "hydrostatic paradox of fools"—that is, as water rises to the same level in a small tube as in a large reservoir with which it is connected, so to argue with a fool is to put him on your level. "And," he adds, "the fools know it!"

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So anger and hate and all such heat against wrongdoers might be called "the hydrostatic paradox of malice," for to fall into bad blood against the man who has done us evil is to descend to his plane and to share with him his devil's brew of malignity.

Hate is destructive. Love is creative. Every angry feeling tears down something in us. Every emotion of love hardens our life fiber. In all animal life love is the creative instinct and hate seeks annihilation. Nowhere does the pure wisdom of Jesus shine more refulgently than where he says (and he practiced it): "Love your enemies."

THE ESCAPE FROM SELF

Speak to the children of Israel, saying, Appoint out for you cities of refuge.— JOSHUA, xx, 2.

Every individual soul has a history very similar to that of society.— CARDUCCI.

AMONG the ancient Jews they had cities of refuge. The rash murderer, not with malice aforethought, might flee to any one of these and be safe from the wrath of the avenging kin. They were a wise people who thus had prevision and made provision for their own weakness.

For a man's intelligence may be better gauged by his knowledge of his own shortcomings than by his consciousness of his own strength. And the one person against whose folly and enmity one needs most to guard is one's self.

I have therefore my own cities of refuge, whither I flee to escape my implacable enemy — myself. For this eminently respectable me, that I dress up in as good clothes as I can buy and would have all people think to be sober, high-

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minded, self-controlled, and good — yea, that I have even at times set up in pulpits and on platforms and made preach and lecture to honest folk, telling them what they ought to do, is a fellow I should hate to have you know too well.

As there were three cities of refuge in Jewry, so I will give but three of mine, though there are others.

First and foremost is work. I work not because I like it, for I would rather spend money than earn it and I could loaf as thoroughly as the next man; nor because I need to make a living, for any one can knock off work and be a parasite; some one will always look out for the lazy as well as for the sick; but because I am afraid not to work.

In work I respect myself and am at peace with the infinite without me and within me. When at work I am Dr. Jekyll. I would not dare to start out merely to live a life of ease; I would be afraid of Mr. Hyde. Work is simply the salvation of the soul, not possibly in an evangelical sense but at least in common sense, because it saves me not from theological horrors I know nothing about, but from myself, which is a horror that "comes home to men's business and bosoms."

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Crime in society is largely the product of leisure. Most of the ordinary moral lesions could be cured by sawing wood.

The second city of refuge is called order. I find that if I do not compel myself to system and regular hours I get nothing done at all. If I worked only when I felt like it you could put it in your eye. The greatest humbug loose is inspiration. Perhaps this should be qualified thus: occasional inspiration is a humbug.

For the divine afflatus is a stream that runs in grooves, as indeed all emotions, to be strong and dependable, must be trained to come at certain hours. The heart has its habits. The world's best work, noblest poetry, and divinest prophecy have come through men who were pounding away so many hours a day.

Of course, out-of-the-way hints and whispers come at odd moments to souls, and man is not a treadmill; but one who depends upon feeling like it to do his work soon ceases to feel like it, he is weakening his will power.

By system you not only accomplish so much more but you get a peculiar poise and a blissful sort of contentment with yourself, the same sensation you get from seeing a swept and tidy room.

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An unordered day is like a cluttered desk or a frowzy woman.

The third city of refuge is called wife. Any man would be ashamed to tell how many vile and blackguard thoughts have made at him only to be warded off by this heart wall; how sometimes her presence and the touch of her hand give peace and avert a panic, as if an army with banners had moved to the succor of a beleaguered city.

A good bachelor must be either a strong and noble man or a bloodless paste. Most of us are neither one nor the other; we are simply human, and a human man needs a wife as a locomotive needs an engineer, to prevent a wreck, as well as to make him go.

These cities of refuge and these arts and ways of saving one's self from one's self may throw some light, perhaps, upon the reason why there is inserted into the Lord's Prayer the petition:

“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!”

THE LOVE OF WOMAN

Amor sementa in noi d'ogni virtute.— Love implants within us every virtue.— DANTE.

L'Amour est un feu auquel s'épurent les plus nobles sentiments.— Love is a fire by which are purified our noblest emotions.— BALZAC.

THE universal opinion of mankind places the love to God as the chief motive force in morals.

Right next to this in importance and in power comes the supreme love of one man and one woman.

It may have its roots in the desires of the body, as a lily has its roots in the mold, but its flower and spiritual consummation is farthest removed from earthliness and has the finest ethical flavor.

It is amazing how many saints and councils and ecclesiastic polemics have regarded the love of woman in some way akin to evil. While religionists fulminated against the danger of soft smiles and laughing eyes to the soul, down in Provence

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the troubadours were founding a better theology, which crept over the Alps and touched one Dante, who perhaps more than any other genius has rescued woman from the slough of sense and made her man's spiritual guide. The substance of his gospel was that it is woman whose soul awakens the soul of man to his kinship with God.

Michelangelo, in his sonnet to Vittoria Colonna, expressed it:

For O! how good that God must be
Who made so good a thing as thee!

The ancient Jews had their "court of women" in their temples, and the Mohammedans deny them souls; so also the hermits and holy anchorites prayed to be delivered from them.

If our civilization of to-day is better, and at least it is kinder and more humane; if we have penetrated into the core of all religion and found it to consist of no more nor less than emotional altruism (altruism with dynamic), the prime cause of our advantage is that women have assumed the spiritual leadership of the age.

In our churches it is "the court of men" that fringes the rear of the meeting; with us, contrary to Islam, we sometimes doubt if men have souls.

THE LOVE OF WOMAN

I say if a man has become so entangled with institutional theology that he cannot tell whether or not he dare claim he loves God, let him love his wife. If that is not loving deity, it is the next thing to it.

I speak soberly. I refer to ethical power. Sincere, loyal love between one man and one woman is to my mind a hundred times purer than that purity supposed to bloom in the unmated. A good wife is a better cure for unworthy thoughts than fasting and flagellation.

And equally good is a supreme exclusive affection in the woman soul. To utterly love one man, to choose him and cling to him "for better or for worse," is not to be called conducive to religion: it must be called religion itself.

This human love, romantic affection, which looks to marriage as its normal fulfillment, ousts sin in the best way sin can be ousted, by what Chalmers called "the expulsive force of a new emotion." It stops moral lesion by the most potent of moral antiseptics, love itself. It heals the diseases of the soul, not by the crude methods of bleeding and blistering, incantations and amulets, but by the rational scientific principle of "assisting nature to throw off the poison."

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It goes to the seat of life and empowers there. It stimulates the white corpuscles of the spirit to devour and destroy all deadly microbes and dangerous bacilli.

It is significant that all through the middle ages men worshiped a woman with a baby in her arms. It is still significant that the most vigorous religious movement in this opening of the Twentieth Century is headed by a woman.

The dying Bunsen said to his wife, as she stooped to kiss him: "In thy face have I seen the eternal!"

THE MOTHER OF EVIL

The Mother of Evil is not Joy, but the Lack of Joy.—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

I am come that your joy may be full.—JESUS.

BY a curious twist in the morbid nature of man the sunny gospel of Jesus Christ has often been construed into a shadow of gloom.

No one had a firmer hold on life, a sounder taste of its pleasure, a richer appreciation of the higher possibilities for joy concealed in existence than Jesus.

Unfortunately, he was an oriental, and by some strange will of destiny his cult first spread among occidentals. All his picturesque imagery, his poetry, his delicate, piercing shafts of intuitional perception, were hardened into doctrines and syllogisms, and his social truth, intended to permeate "like a lump of leaven," became a rigid organization.

We may have gained something — who shall say? — but we certainly have lost much. When

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you pluck your lily to pieces, scatter its odorous petals on the ground, and transect with a sharp knife its swelling seed-sac, you may have added to your knowledge of systematic botany, but you have lost your lily; its grace, color, fragrance, and fruitfulness — and the flower was created for those.

And we may be sure there was some charm of life, some fullness of deep joy, that played like a felt radiance about his eyes and smile, that so drew to him the "multitudes," for the common people follow only what smacks of life. Most of all does our age lack in the realization of his warm humanity.

He came, he said, that our joy might be full. There is the cure of sin. It remained for Nietzsche, the declared enemy of our faith, to see it most clearly. "It is not joy, but the lack of joy, that is the mother of evil."

There never was a mortal sin that did not spring from an empty heart. What are all blasphemies but brutish, twisted prayers for inward peace? What are drunkenness and all fleshly naughtiness but the struggling of souls to fill themselves at the swine's trough of sensuality? What are cruelties and injustice and oppression but the attempt to stay the appetite for joy with

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poison and bitter passions? And, taking the whole range of human wickedness, murder, envy, hate, lust, theft, unkindness, and money-madness, do they not seem to be the cries and grimaces and wild gestures of starving gods locked out of the banquet hall of truth, beating with bruised hands against the door?

Whoever, therefore, plants one pure pleasure in the garden of men, and teaches us how to eat thereof and not sicken, has helped to stay the open wound of human sin. We are beginning, these last days, to perceive that the way to make the world as good as possible is to make it as happy as possible, and not as miserable as possible.

Economists are commencing to understand that what makes slums is dark, wretched lives; what makes drunkenness and the social evil is emptiness.

Our new gospel is unconsciously the old one and the true one. We are trying to make the people's joy full, to save the people from vice and death. So in Jesus' name we may not be building lofty cathedrals, as they did in another age, but we are laying out parks, setting apart playgrounds for children, rearing a mighty public school system to shatter ignorance, promoting science to woo the truth, building hospitals for the sick, and asylums

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for the insane, and blind, and deaf and dumb, and feeble minded, transforming prison hells into sane reformatories.

We are extending art and learning and music and the drama and all civilizing pleasures more and more toward the common man, establishing libraries and making the best literature cheap and popular — all in the name of the Son of Man, to shunt the vast river of human joy that for centuries ran only into the pools of the elect, into the broad lowlands of the people.

To this end all philanthropists, labor unions, socialist movements, democracies, scientists, and schools, march along different roads.

Law, repression, punishment, didactic warnings, and prohibitions, these do not cure crime; they do but "heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, crying, peace, peace, when there is no peace." Whoever will cure us, let him "come that our joy may be full."

MONEY

Quel bien lui en revient-il? — What good does he get of it? — BOSSUET.

SINCE the dawn of preaching we preachers have been threatening rich men with our right fist — and extending to them our left palm. It is hardly to be wondered at that we find difficulty in being taken seriously.

And our advice has been so confusing that we have not had much effect. For now we exhort the youth to all the virtues, giving as an inducement the assurance that thus they will be enabled to get on; and again we turn to those that have gotten on and warn them of the danger of riches. It might well be asked, if riches be dangerous, why acquire them; and if virtues lead to riches, are they really worth cultivating?

It may be well, therefore, to set down a few common-sense facts in regard to riches and the relation of them to the moral values.

In the first place, money is simply the token or

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sign of our common human wants. It means power, power over others, power to make our personality felt. No wonder we want it.

Again it means liberty. Poverty is a curse. It ties the hands. It binds the mind. It narrows the soul. One who has to sweat ten hours a day for bread has no time nor strength left to develop the higher part of himself.

Money means also a full life. We can gratify our cravings, whether they be for beer or art, for Paris gowns or Wagner music. With money we have a chance to grow; without it we are stunted.

Money, therefore, is simply concentrated — we might say canned — human value.

It naturally follows that it is good or bad, never of itself, but only as giving opportunity to its possessor. Here, then, we have the moral gist of the whole matter: money is simply — opportunity.

It unlocks the door and bids the cramped and chafing passion go and do its will. It liberates desire. Hence it simply emphasizes a man. If he is good he can now be better, having more scope; if bad he can, and probably will, be worse. If idle and useless, he becomes a living fountain of idleness and uselessness, poisoning others.

So, money is like any other gift; as beauty,

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which adds power to the person; or genius, which multiplies the efficiency of the mind and hand; or position, for kingship magnifies a common man to heroic proportions, in his influence on other men.

Now, the sole relation of morals to power of any kind is this: that the moral sense adds to power — responsibility.

The root of any genuine moral feeling is altruism. Given any desire, it becomes moral as it takes a direction toward the welfare of other people: it is immoral exactly in proportion as it disregards others and looks only to self.

Wicked people, therefore, are those who live, think, and do for self alone; and that whether poor or rich. Whoever says, "I would like to be rich, for I could do so much good with my money," should examine himself and ask what good he is doing with the little he has. It is all a matter of relation. If one is not helpful and liberal on \$40 a month, he would not be so on \$4,000 a month.

In the ultimate realm of morals there are no commandments; there is only one test — do I live for myself or for others; am I altruistic or egocentric?

The dawdling smart set, flitting from bridge to matinée, from theater to bedizened restaurant,

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from the club to the horse race, are wicked; but no wickeder than the bitter poor who want to lead such a life, and who curse their lot because their selfishness is bound and chained.

To the real man, therefore, riches means nothing at all, as to his character; it simply means an opening to give vent to his character. And a clear-eyed soul, that sees and realizes what responsibility means, is never eager for power and opportunity. It is easier to be good in moderate means than in riches for the principal reason that it is easier to bear a small than a great load of responsibility. "It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," just because a rich man to be moral must be great. And, unfortunately, great souls are scarce among great fortunes.

The greatness of Jesus was not in his wisdom, magnetism, nor ethical perception, but in the fact that he was utterly altruistic; that is, he used all his powers not to advance himself but to help others. His tormentors unwittingly told the truth, and stated unknowingly his very secret, when, as he hung on the cross, they wagged their heads at him and cried:

"He saved others; himself he cannot save!"

POINTS OF SOCIAL DECAY

You are the salt of the earth. Put yourselves at the decaying points of social life and stop the putrefaction.—MALTBIE BABCOCK.

EVERY man that has in him the health of sound principles, owes a duty to the mass of men of which he is a part.

All genuine conviction is militant. A sincere belief always wants to "go out and compel them to come in." It is essential to any honest faith that it desires to draw all others to it.

Truth is at heart intolerant; knowing itself, with a fierce certainty, to be unspeakably better than error.

In most things we know ourselves ignorant, children facing mysteries; so in most things we should be tolerant and liberal. But in the few things that we know through and through it behooves us to be hard as nails. On a question of the trinity or the miracles let us argue calmly — and endlessly; but on a question of decency versus

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indecency, or cruelty versus kindness, it is a word and a blow.

Hence, it is for every modern soul, who feels the strong truths of civilization coursing through his thought, to stand for them, against all comers. He who has the truth is salt. Error is putrefaction. Where wrong prevails in the social organism, let the man of salt thrust himself, as his duty to the universe.

Certain main points of decay may be mentioned; certain places where error is flagrant, fragrant, and stifling. First, it is the duty of every child of light to shine out against the ancient world fraud and inherited curse of militarism. Wherever the harpy — head of war — lust shows itself he ought to take a shot at it.

For war is the most monstrous putrefying agency on earth to-day, and that includes all military preparedness. Whoever believes in truth and justice should do what he can, in his small corner, to bring about the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Again, every man of salt and health should do his utmost to break down caste wherever he finds it. Whatever system or organization or custom impedes the free rise and scope of the individual

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is a rotting point. All select classes, aristocracies, plutocracies, bureaucracies, and whatever schemes there may be for controlling the people or the wealth or labor of the people by a set of persons who are chosen by any other than the people, and who are not directly responsible to the people, are germ centers of tyranny, and eventually always of injustice and cruelty.

All that devious thing we call graft is also a breeding spot of social disease. In whatever mask it appears, however polished, honored, and disguised, wherever one sees the fatal symptom of public office for personal gain he ought to denounce and oppose it. It may lurk in intricate tariffs, or sit smug in wigged courts, or blow like a sperm whale in dignified senates, or pervade as an invisible spirit the circles of business; but no matter where, how, or why it is, it is rotten.

In the nearer affairs of life we may safely lay down the rule that whatever threatens the integrity and happiness of the home life, where one man, one woman, and their children are gathered in the family, the oldest and best institution on earth, is foul. Whatever makes a good woman blush is septic. Whatever tends to make little children unhappy is poison. Whatever gospel

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takes the nerve out of men and discourages them, in its general effect is unjustifiable and depraved. Also, whatever or whoever loves and clings to a lie, to anything that he knows to be untrue, is pregnant with trouble and obliquity.

The only healthful, pure, sound, stanch self-cleaning, and exceedingly good and green growing thing under heaven or in heaven, among men or among angels, is — the truth.

REDEMPTION BY SELF-RESPECT

It is hard for a man to respect himself when he is denied respect by all around him.—W. E. CHANNING.

THE foundation of character is self-respect. The citadel of virtue is a proper pride.

Out of self-contempt flow bitterness, suspicion, yielding to sensualities, and the acceptance of low standards. Self-respect is not egotism, but resembles it about as a good apple resembles a decayed one. Self-respect is sound, sweet, and healthy. Egotism is morbid and sore to the touch. Self-respect is tough; egotism is tender.

Call a child low, and bad, and lazy and you make him so. All accusation, and scolding, and punishment is unpedagogic. It never did any good. To punish a child by beating simply proves to him one thing, to-wit: that you are a bigger brute than he. The whole business of breaking the will, taking down the pride, humiliating and subduing people, is utterly immoral, and that whether applied to children or to grown people.

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No human being was ever morally helped in his weakness or morally cured of his perversion by any other means save one — that is, by appreciation. It is that which reaches down into the soul and raises the prostrate will; that and nothing else.

Love is the only creative, healing force. Hate and all the arts and actions of hate are vicious. Anger and condemnation are devastating always. Hence our whole prison system is ignorant and the most fruitful manufactory of criminals we have. Prisons are holdovers from the dark ages. They are vile, stupid, and poison fountains in society. Any warden of the penitentiary will tell you convicts are not reformed in his institution; they are punished.

That means their self-respect is broken down by all the ingenuity of devilishness society will allow, and the self-despising wrecks are turned loose again on the people. Any system of justice that starts from the principle that a criminal is to be punished is unscientific, unintelligent, and immoral. Punishment simply means vengeance.

To send a criminal to the horror of the penitentiary is of the same grade as kicking a horse in the stomach because he shies or balks.

A criminal is such usually because he has lost his

REDEMPTION BY SELF-RESPECT

self-respect. And the prison ought to be a place where he can regain it. It ought to be a school for weak wills, a training house where human nature could learn a little dignity. It is refreshing to note that attempts are being made in this direction in some states with most encouraging results.

The worst blot on our civilization is that we have made so little progress in the cure of the socially unsound. Our theology is practically past condemning souls to eternal punishment; but our actual sociological practice can still find no use to make of a depraved man but to vent our hate on him by sending him for from one year to a lifetime to a hell on earth. Society still has got no further along than to strike back when it is struck. But it ought to be the glory of organized justice to be free from this bestial heat for revenge and to do with the lawbreaker precisely what is for the best interests of the community at large. And those interests never demand that he be taken and hardened into a professional pervert, but that he be healed and set right.

That we do not know how to do this is ignorance and pardonable; but that we don't try nor want to know how is disgraceful and unpardonable.

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Jesus was right. Tolstoi was right. They were not crazy nor Utopian. They were in line with sound common sense and with the known truths of psychology. God help us! We apply modern science to transportation, and cooking, and lighting, and to all forms of business and comfort, but not to the cure of fallen self-respect, exactly where it needs most to be applied.

We have left off flogging children and have begun to study them. Let us leave off brutalizing and stunting men and women and begin to study how to help them.

THE SIMPLICITY OF MASTERS

La philosophie n'est que le retour conscient et réfléchi aux données de l'intuition.—M. BERGSON.

THIS sentence of M. Bergson, professor in the College de France and one of the most advanced and thorough of modern philosophers, has been called by Edouard Schuré "simple, conclusive, and immense, containing the whole future," and may be freely translated: "Philosophy is only the discovery by the conscious, reflective mind of what we already know by intuition."

Here, then, is the circle of wisdom, the return of truth upon itself; for all the deep, vast, eternal laws of life are woven into the very texture of the soul, and the old man, after years of search and wandering, comes back to the little child. Emerson said that "when God has a point to carry with the race he plants his arguments in the instincts," and Jesus' exclamation was to the same effect: "I thank thee, O Father, that Thou hast hidden

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these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes! ”

It is only among the partly wise that we are fed with involved and profound sayings; when we reach the masters, Epictetus or Socrates or Jesus, they talk to us in the language of the street and their sentences are homespun and childlike.

The fakirs are complex. Those who know but little and would seem to know much are mysterious. The masters baffle us by their plainness. The lights are turned low in the fortune teller's booth; Jesus taught on the hillside in the sun. The road to wisdom leads through and beyond all night shades of dim temples and sacred woods, into the dawn. The real truth is clear as the morning.

We shall come to poise and peace, therefore, as we learn to perceive and to follow the few great intuitions, and these we find best in children. Instead of trying to teach children, that is, drilling into them our stupid conventionalities and cowardly moral compromises, we ought to let them teach us; we should sit at their feet and observe their unconscious revelation of God's secrets.

Properly studied, children will teach us the

THE SIMPLICITY OF MASTERS

three great arts of life — the art of joy, the art of faith, and the art of reverence.

From them we may learn, if we be humble minded and teachable, the art of joy, which consists in living like birds and flowers. The child is not afraid to be happy; he throws himself head first into what pleasure he finds, which is plainly the purpose of nature.

It is the philosophy and religion of grown-ups that set so much value upon misery. Of course, we can twist this truth into an excuse for sin and folly; the purer and truer the law of God the more dangerous it is in the hands of ignorance and perversion.

From children we learn the art of faith, which is merely the conviction that the universe and its forces are friendly. The child instinctively believes that all people are well disposed toward him; he has to be taught the adult facts of hatred and enmity and malice. The whole progress of the race is through fear and wars and distrust unto the millennium, which is confidence in the universal friendliness of men.

Through dark theologies and harsh political theories we are working our way to the ultimate child truth that to believe in one another and not

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to be afraid of neighbors or antipodes, and not even of the spirits of the air nor of the Great Spirit himself, is the ultimate solution of the problems both of government and of religion.

And we learn from children the art of reverence. That feeling of awe and wonder, inborn in the normal child, is the one secret of greatness in grown persons if they can retain it. From this emotion comes all poetry, all majesty of spirit, all grandeur of character. It is likewise the subtle cause of all morality, as well as of all the courtesies and decencies of life.

Can we wonder that Jesus, when the disciples were disputing among themselves who should be the greatest among them, took a little child and when he had set him in their midst said that, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not see the kingdom of God."

For the important affair is not getting into the kingdom, but seeing it, knowing what it is, realizing and recognizing it. And we see the kingdom in proportion as we "discover by the conscious and reflective mind what we already know by intuition."

THE RESERVES

Si succiderit, de genu pugnat.—If he stumbles, he fights on his knees. (Motto for Will Moore's tombstone.)

We have only to set the one annoying circumstance over against our whole relation to life to discover its insignificant proportions.—J. BRIERLY.

IN Mrs. Burnett's charming play, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," a millionaire, disgusted with life and bent on suicide, wandering through a slum district of London, meets a street waif, a girl named Glad, who perceives his intent and turns him from it by her naïve philosophy, not knowing him to be a "swell" and thinking him but one of the underworld like herself, she advises him to "think of something else," whenever the suicidal obsession grips him.

"The Gospel of Something Else," as we may term it, is amazingly practical and fruitful in immediate, definite good results. There is always something else. The one distressing thing that

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threatens us may be dodged, not always literally, but always spiritually. We can get a man's body into a corner, but the mind cannot be cornered.

The most effectual resources are those within the soul. The great soul is the one with unconquerable resources. The thing that strikes us in Socrates is that Athenian spite, prison, and hemlock somehow do not touch the man, he is smiling within him superior to his enemies all the time. The Bhagavad Ghita speaks of those "inner treasures of the mind, on which depending one is not moved by the severest pain." Amiel says, "Rentrer dans l'ordre, se soumettre, et faire ce qu'on peut." [Get into step with the universe and do what you can.] Even death, that seems final to most men, is despised when it approaches Nathan Hale, for he brings to his rescue the overpowering odds of patriotism and is happy, regretting only that he has but one life to give for his country. We hear no shrieks and panic fears from General Wolfe as he dies before Quebec; as they assure him that the enemy flees he cries, "Then I die happy."

The moral grandeur of Jesus appears in this connection. Truly he has "meat to eat that his disciples know not of." He sets this small life

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over against eternity: "Rejoice when men persecute you, for great is your reward in heaven."

He escapes the harassment of the petty by refuge in the vast: "Take no thought what ye shall eat and drink: seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." He even submerged death with the flood of his inward glory, for he "endured the cross, despising the shame, for the joy that was set before him."

How much more effective we should be, how much steadier our hand, and accurate our judgment, if we would learn this secret! The most important thing in the world to me is the weather in my soul. Let it be sunshine there and calm day and the odor of hidden flowers and I can front anything. No matter how terrible the trial to come, I have half won already if I can meet it serenely. And no matter what prize and joy may be given me, I have half spoiled it if I take it with a troubled and muddy soul.

Let us set down then in our books that we are absolutely unconquerable. Nothing shall break us. For it is only the one special thing that is my enemy: the universe is my friend.

While I have eyes, no one ugly thing shall dis-

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treass me, for the earth and sky are crowded with beauty; while I have ears, no single sound shall irritate me, for the world harmonies cease not, and:

There's not a star that thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubim.

While I have a heart no treachery nor coldness on the part of any one I love shall utterly cast me down, for there is true love somewhere, and for me, and if I find it not on this planet, still my world is wider and none can rob me of the hope of some day meeting again those I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Our little earth is clasped by the majestic sky, our small planet is surrounded by an innumerable company of worlds, my insignificant body is one of a billion similar bodies now extant, my whole self and all my concerns are as a drop of rain falling into the Atlantic.

I take refuge in the infinite. O mine enemy, you cannot find me! I have hidden in the infinite. In peace I sing the words of Mrs. Browning:

And I smiled to think God's goodness
Flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest.

FERMENTING THOUGHTS

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that!

— KING LEAR.

The Greeks were right when they made Apollo the god of both imagination and sanity; for he was both the patron of poetry and the patron of healing.— G. K. CHESTERTON.

HAVE you ever noticed how thoughts feel inside your mind? Some are satisfying as bread, some fiery as pepper, some refreshing as water, some heady as wine, and some — and these are they I am going to treat of — lie in the mind's stomach heavy as lead, painful, nauseating, and making one sick of life.

These last are thoughts that ferment and do not digest. I once ate a ham sandwich at a railway lunch counter. I found no relief until the physicians had made use of a stomach pump, and I did not recover from the effects for a month. There are certain thoughts that act precisely the same

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way within the brain; they cause "mental gastritis."

In the mind's cellar everything must be kept sweet and clean, if we do not want to breed spiritual fevers. As soon as an idea begins to "work" and spoil and sour, out with it! It does not pay to go about this bright world with something yeasting and seething in our souls.

It is the very best of foods that spoil the most quickly, such as cream, beefsteak, and butter. The cream, beefsteak, and butter of the soul are love, religion, and laughter.

So it is these things we must watch most carefully. Love, the very milk of life, is worth all that poets have written and fond and foolish heads have dreamed of it. But if love thoughts are going to "keep" and not play havoc within us, we must air our hearts often and keep them clean and be on the watch for the insistent microbe that dearly loves to multiply in a love "culture."

Love made Dante divine, but of Othello it made a crazy fool. Cared for intelligently and kept clean, love will give you a heavenly peace and glow — there's nothing like it; but if it becomes unclean and begins to spoil, you will know what eternal punishment is. Whether, therefore,

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love shall be a radiant shekinah or a driving ruin in the brain is largely a sanitary question.

Laughter is good. It may not save our souls, but it often saves our lives. It prevents insanity. But it is like butter. It must be fresh; likewise clean; also spread not too thickly over the bread of serious business.

No one can eat solid butter, unless he be an Eskimo; and no one, outside a madhouse, can laugh all the time. Some of the saddest people I have known have been those whose only business was to find something to amuse them.

And religion. This is man's greatest passion and privilege; hence, also his greatest danger. Sometimes it is a blessing, and sometimes it seems quite the opposite. It will inspire a Francis of Assisi to amaze the world with his love, a William Booth to lead an altruistic army into the slums, and a Father Damien to consecrate his life to the lepers; and it will strengthen men's moral sinews, cheer their hearts, brighten their faces, and cause them to be a sun ray to their fellows and to triumph over death.

And again, sad to say, it seems to make others morose and dark-souled, narrow and bigoted, contentious, and even cruel. As was said of liberty,

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so it may be said of religion, "What crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Whatever may be your faith — and every man, even so-called infidels, have a belief of some kind — I wish to make one suggestion: Keep it sweet! Rest assured that if your belief makes you crabbed and pugnacious, or critical, or morose, then it is bad. No matter what your creed is it ought to bring forth the one flower that makes any creed worth while, and that is amiability.

Clean up or cast out every fermenting thought, whether uncleanness or distrust, the memory of a wrong or the apprehension of disaster. Feed your mind on clean, sweet, wholesome thoughts. Above all, do not indulge in self-pity, most horrible of all mental toadstools!

"Keep thy heart," said the wise man, "with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life!"

RELIGIOUS VALUE OF A SENSE OF HUMOR

Humor has all along been the candid friend of religion. It has done more to hasten the disintegration of narrow religious conventions than all the German commentators together. Humor is a religious force in that it discounts fictitious values and minimizes the petty rivalries of existence.

— RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

“**W**HO can reply to a sneer?” asked a theologian. The answer is plain; whoever cannot resist a sneer had better look to his position. For the most searching, merciless, and effective thing in the world is humor.

“The tragic poet rolls the thunder that frightens,” says Landor; “the comic wields the lightning that kills.”

There seems to be something in laughter that is directly opposed to the reverence and awe of religion. But for that reason wit has all along been for piety a most necessary, if bitter, physic.

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The higher moods of the soul have always a tendency to grow unhealthy. It is but a step from the sweet ripe to rotten; and spiritual ecstasy has more than once, in the world's sad history, run into refined sensuousness, also into the worst of tyrannies and cruelties. And what an argument or a scripture text could never reach has been trans-fixed by a smile. The walls of many a spiritual Jericho-folly that have withstood laws, arms, and reasons, have tumbled at the sound of laughter.

But the best quality in humor, for individual use by the saint, is its inherent sanity. People deep in love do not laugh much because they are quite crazy. Egoism, in its overdevelopment, when it becomes a besetting sense of dignity, when it makes one feel he is a great and misunderstood man, laughs little, because that also is a form of insanity. The religious bigot is most monstrously serious, for the same reason.

When we say a sense of humor has religious value we do not imply that it is a divine or heavenly thing, for it is not. But it is something fully as necessary; it is most human. And what religion needs as much as heavenliness is humanness.

When one looks abroad in this comfortable world and sees the infinite amount of play and un-

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mixed fun which its Creator has written into it he can hardly resist the logical conclusion that God is not so utterly sober as we have been led to believe. "Who," asks Dr. Holmes, "taught the kitten to play with its tail, and the canary to perk its head from side to side while singing?" It can hardly be irreverent to conceive of Him who planted such capering instincts in all young things, in romping poodles and leaping lambs, in birds and insects and children; it cannot be a sin to think of Him who ordered this, and made the blithe morning and all morning feelings, as being jocund, and having somewhere in His mighty mind a strain of mirth.

Humor, of course, is not always right. Everything human has its perversions. There is a devil's glee, there is the snicker of the gross and fleshy, and there is that goatlike inanity that would caper on its mother's grave to raise a grin. But let such things have their day. Our deepest reverences do not hear them, our real purity cannot see them.

The humor of a kindly heart, the friendly wit that is the bubbling over of a full humanity, the surgical smile that lances our too sickly sentiments, the sunny laugh that with its genial broadness re-

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bukes our narrow thought, the disinfectant raillery that purges our egotisms, these are all friends of man and true him to life and destiny.

If it be, as Carlyle says, that in the center of worship is sorrow, it is no less true that all about its edges is a fringe of humor.

He is our friend who makes us weep for our sins, and he is not our enemy who makes our follies ridiculous.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND BAD

Hast thou reflected, O serious reader, Advanced Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, and use of all religion, past, present, and to come, is to remind us of this only, of the quite infinite difference between a good man and a bad? — THOMAS CARLYLE.

WITH microscopic vision, Carlyle has here seen the rock bottom on which rest not only all religion, but all ethics, morals, and decencies.

The thoroughly bad man is not the one who, like Lucifer says, "Evil, be thou my good!" He is the one who denies the distinction. Goethe's Mephistopheles was a better Bad Man than Milton's Lucifer; for Milton's hero of darkness sulked and raged and rebelled; Goethe's smiled. The highest impiety is not a blasphemy; it is a smile.

The wickedest people are not they who celebrate the black mass and dance in witches' sab-

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baths, are not the Ingersolls speech-making against theology, nor the Nietzsches couching a lance against morality itself; all these are as orthodox as the narrowest saints. In fact, when a man sets out to demolish Christianity he really joins the most absurd corruption of it he can find, by assuming that the peculiar distorted sect he selects is true Christianity. Hence all the so-called militant "infidels" are really the friends of our faith, since they help to purge it of its diseases.

But our real foe is Gallio, who "cares for none of these things." Morality and immorality do not concern him. He will not discuss the place for the line between good and evil. He has rubbed out the line.

The rebel and the king's troops both believe in the same flag; one is for and the other against it. So the deserter and the good soldier both have the same standard, which one runs from and the other toward. But it is the same flag.

Even so, the thieves and drunkards and wicked women, and all the soiled and vagabond crew we are wont to look upon as the opponents of the good and pious, are not they with whom religion's danger lies. In fact, they are not far from the kingdom. Did not Jesus say that the slum peo-

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ples would enter into the kingdom before the Pharisees?

The actual danger to religion is found among the so-called "emancipated." Those who hold that white is the same as black if you have the right point of view, those to whom nothing matters, those who have made of science a means to rob the soul of its power to blush, and have reduced conscience and its motions to atavism and molecular gyrations, these are "our friends, the enemy." A shallow wading in science is likely to bring on such a moral anemia.

Bacon tells us that a little knowledge bends men to atheism, but deeper goings bring them about to religion. And Tennyson warns his too sciolistic age:

Hold thou the Good, define it well
For fear divine philosophy
Should go beyond the mark and be
Procureess to the lords of hell.

If there is any one thing that the wisdom of all humanity, east and west, has beaten out of the mixture and confusion of human hearts and events, if there is any one pure, golden truth upon which a man may leave his life and risk his destiny,

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it is that the word "Ought" has a meaning, that in the sense of right and wrong is hidden the fundamental truth about God and the hereafter.

Out of all the whirl of arguing sects, the speculation of philosophers, the doctrines and counter doctrines of divines, this one solid and wholly unshakable bit of rock emerges as the one fit thing a soul can afford to build his house upon, to-wit: that right is right and to live by and to die for, and wrong is wrong and to be hated and fought with all one's mortal might.

That is religion; the rest is trimmings.

CHILDLIKENESS AND CHILDISHNESS

When I was a child I spoke, acted, and thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things.— SAINT PAUL.

Verily I say unto you, except ye be changed, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Little children, of such is the kingdom of heaven.— JESUS.

An ancient proverb warns us that we should not expect to find old heads on young shoulders; to which it may be added that we seldom meet with that unnatural combination but we feel a strong desire to knock them off; merely from an inherent love we have of seeing things in their right place.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

I ONCE had a silly book, compiled by some rabid bibliophobiac, and entitled "The Contradictions of the Bible," in which were arranged in parallel columns those texts which seemed to contradict each other, each sentence being set op-

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posite its negative. The whole work was based upon the error that a contradiction is equivalent to a lie. The truth, however, is quite the contrary. Contradictions are the favorite method of wise teachers; they are numerous in Socrates and in Bacon.

Emerson said that "consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers, and divines." And I have known but two classes of people who were absolutely consistent — idiots and dead men.

The fact is that when you find a contradiction in a wise man or in a wise book, you will usually find midway between the two clashing statements one of the choicest morsels of truth, and one which could not have been expressed half so well in any other way. For often when a truth cannot be directly come at by a positive declaration, it can be, as it were, pointed at by two interacting assertions.

In the quotation above, the apostle indicates that when one grows up he should cease to be like a child; while the Master declares that except we turn and become like a child we are lost. And the confusion of this is but seeming, for it may be loosed and made into common sense by two words

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that are in our mouths every day — to-wit: the words childlike and childish.

To be childlike, says Jesus, is to be great. I have seen some great men in my time, and have tried to learn something of their secret; and I have never known one who was not simple, approachable, and with a child heart. Great speech is always plain, lucid, and direct. Great art is least ornate. Great emotions are downright. Whereas pettiness of all kinds is sophisticated, smart, adorned, perfumed, and jeweled, or wants to be.

Childishness is another matter. About nine-tenths of what we call sin is mere childishness, undeveloped morality, arrested ethical growth, a persistent child longing for gingerbread and gewgaws, an inability to appreciate the future, and a readiness to sacrifice the future always for the present.

Note some of the childish things which we are to put away. First of all is crying, the most characteristic of all child faults. Analyzed carefully, crying is found to consist in this: the gaining of what we desire by the use of our disagreeableness. It is the weapon of weakness. In adults we call it complaining, or pouting, or sulking. How many a woman gets her way by "the tyranny of

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tears"! And how many a man rules his house by sheer surliness! Such are but grown up "bawl babies." It is almost worse than wickedness; it is meanness, and utterly despicable. Pardonable in a child of six, it is unpardonable in a big, bewhiskered hulk of forty-six.

Another trait of childishness is the desire to "show off." Vanity, and love of notice, and the hunger for admiration is cunning enough in little Mable in short dresses and baby curls, but when Mable becomes Mrs. Q. K. Philander Jones, age thirty-five, and is president of the Ladies' Aid, and the mother of four children, and the wife of the leading grocer, it becomes her mightily to "put away childish things," and especially the desire to preen and prance, and occupy the spotlight. Modesty and a modicum of humility ought to come with maturity.

A child, too, is naturally egoistic in his instincts. Every child seems to be a born predestinarian. I have had children at my own table, and I know that each seemed to believe, as his inborn creed, that he alone was predestined from the foundation of the world to have the largest piece of pie and the choicest portion of chicken. When we grow up this egocentric trait also is to be put away. A

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man ought to learn, with years, that "there are others."

But that element of the child view which, if retained, works most havoc in us is, as I have hinted, the lack of power to visualize and realize the future. When a baby wants a thing he wants it now. The one thing he cannot do with grace is to wait. The present, the actual, hems him in and dominates him. With years ought to come that strongest increment of spiritual power, the ability to see the unseen; that is, to see how our acts will affect others, how the future. The greater a man is, and the manlier, the more he weighs these invisible motives and is governed by them.

For what is all defiling greed, and theft, and treachery, and sensuality, and spite, and fraud, but a reaching forth of sightless and infantine desire, ignorant and heedless of the unseen thunder and lightning of the moral world? And what are heroes but they who in one form or another, in quiet domestic sacrifice, or in business integrity, or in patriotism, or in religious devotion, have "endured the cross and despised the present shame for the joy that was set before them"?

Children are sweet, almost divine, even, in their

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innocent little shortcomings; but it is because they are children. The wisdom concealed in the two contradicting texts given above consists in the truth that there is, in grown persons, a vast difference between childlikeness and childishness.



PRAYER

*Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this
wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong?*

— RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE gist of the prayer is not asking, but communion. So the test of prayer is not the getting of what we ask, but the sense of the presence of Him of whom we have asked it.

Therefore, all “remarkable answers to prayer,” all instances where the thing sought came to surprise the seeker, and all faith founded upon such arguments, contain an element of peril to the thoughtful and well-balanced mind.

For the intelligent believer in God must always conceive of the universe as under the control of one all-wise will, who knows vastly better what ought to be done than we; and the last thing such

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a believer would wish is that this all-wise will should be set aside, or influenced in the least by his ignorant will.

The first of all prayers, therefore, and the one prayer which contains the seed of all other prayers is: "Thy will be done."

This does not all imply that we are to ask God for no favors, such as rain or good crops, health or good fortune. In fact, nothing is too small or insignificant to ask God for, if it is significant enough for me to want.

Why, then, ask Him for anything, when He already knows best, and our only wish is that He do as He pleases?

Right here many have become helplessly puzzled and have given up praying. But the solution is a simple one.

It is best understood by an illustration. God is to us as we are to our little children. We do not give them all they request, but we wish them none the less to keep confiding in us their wishes. In other words we should feel very bad if, because we after all are going to do as we think best for them, they should be piqued and never speak to us again.

The thing we want of our children is precisely

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communion with them. We want their confidence, friendship, presence and prattle.

So the thing God wants with us, and that we need from Him, is the mutual presence, consciousness, and friendship between us.

The asking for things is simply one phase of this communion. The refusal of them, as well as the granting of others of them, is a part of our education; even as the instances wherein we decline our children's requests is a part of their training and reveals to them in time our nature.

Prayer, therefore, is simply an attempt to feel God. It is the opening of the heart to let in the infinite. It is the union of a man's highest will and consciousness with his loftiest conception of goodness, nobleness, and beauty.

Any man who leaves off praying is doing himself a distinct harm. There is no possible excuse for it. If he has fallen out with his church, or with all churches; if he is incapable of accepting recognized creeds; if he doubts the sincerity and believes in the delusion of many of those who claim sanctity; all these are no reasons why he himself, in his own way and in his own heart, should not seek to know and feel the infinite.

The presence of immense and age-long institu-

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tions who are supposed to be the guardians of all the truth about God, renders it difficult to think originally and simply on the subject. But whoever will have the courage in his own manner and according to his own light to try to cultivate a sense of God and to come into personal relations with the infinite will and heart that is above and in all things, will find his life lightened, ennobled, and given great strength and poise.

And the more a man feels that he is what is called a "sinner," the more he is conscious of having done what he should not, and of coming short of his own notions of rectitude and purity and an ideal life, the more he needs to cultivate in his secret moments the feeling that he can talk it over with the invisible Spirit. It is exactly the man who is conscious of his unworthiness that the spirit of God most easily enters. It will repay any man to keep up what Jeremy Taylor called "the practice of the presence of God."

It may not imply that he join this church or that, nor subscribe to this or that creed, but it will mean for him a sweeter, richer, solider, kinder, and happier life.

THE SIN OF SENSITIVENESS

Blessed are the poor in spirit.—JESUS.

The thirst for applause, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones.

—RUSKIN.

IF we examine sensitiveness under the microscope we shall find it to be no more nor less than a variety of egotism. The sensitive nature is simply one that is too much occupied with self. That way madness lies, ever.

I suppose no more exquisite torture has been devised by the evil one, at least in this world, than the endowing of a highly organized, keenly perceptive person with a too large self-consciousness.

In Galsworthy's "Fraternity" such a character is drawn with wonderful accuracy by that master, in Bianca Dallison. Here are a few of his touches: "It was Bianca's fortune to be gifted to excess with that quality which, of all others, most obscures the real significance of human issues.

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“Her pride had kept her back from her husband, till she felt herself a failure, and her pride had so revolted at this that it led the way to utter estrangement. Her pride even prevented him from really knowing what had spoiled their lives — her ungovernable itch to be appreciated. This was the tragedy of a woman who wanted to be loved slowly killing in the man the power of loving her.”

Of all the unlit and tortuous places in this world the human heart is darkest and farthest past finding out; and the heart of an intelligent, cultured egoist with delicately strung feeling is worst of all. The only remedy is the persistent effort toward disinterestedness.

We approach peace only as we leave ourselves and come to humanity. No self-forgetful person is ever sensitive. No self-forgetful person is habitually unhappy.

This sin of sensitiveness — and we ought to face it as a distinct sin, a thing never to be boasted, always to be ashamed of — takes many forms. Some of them are of that most dangerous kind, the kind that resembles virtues.

For instance, self-examination. There is a sort of luxury in probing one's own heart and handling

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our faults, like the pleasure of pressing upon a sore tooth.

Conscience may descend to be a species of moral indigestion. Copybook philosophy and teachers of moral platitudes commend this self-scrutiny. But as a rule it is vicious. As with our bodies so with our spirits, the healthiest are those that are the least tampered with and worried over. The noblest soul is the one that is unconscious either of nobility or ignobility. The righteousness that knows itself and the sin that knows itself are akin — both bad.

Another and common form of this protean soul disease is self-depreciation. Wordsworth hits it off:

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

I wonder if the housewife knows how uncomfortable she makes the guest feel when she precludes her dinner with apologies? And does the young lady know what an egregious, conceited minx she seems to all simple and normal souls when she will not begin to play the piano or to sing until she has rehearsed her limitations?

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And there be those women who are forever slandering their own appearance, and men forever decrying their own ability. This is not humility. The one blazing beauty of humility, genuine, is that it forgets itself, that the one being it will neither blame nor praise is self.

And worst of all phases of sensitiveness, perhaps, is self-pity. Worst, because of it is born a deal of plain wickedness. The man who is sorry for himself is not far from smashing law and conscience for his own dear sake! Of all slops into which a manly man or a womanly woman ought not fall the maudlin kindness for one's own poor soul is the most disgusting.

I am sure if we stop to reflect that the whole troop of degenerates, the murderers and thieves, and sneaks and unclean, are uniformly sorry for themselves, we should hesitate about allowing ourselves to drift into such company.

Sensitiveness, and all egoisms, are not forms of self-respect; they are the opposite of self-respect. They are self-defiling, self-condemning, self-destroying.

The only religious, sensible thing to do with this precious *me* is to forget him.

THEY ALL DO IT

Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be that find it.—JESUS.

I believe that, although none other follows the doctrine of Jesus, and I alone am left to practise it, I cannot refuse to obey it, and that it will give me in this world the greatest possible sum of happiness.—TOLSTOI.

LET us, at least for the moment, consider this shattering statement of Jesus, not as describing the difficulty of getting into heaven when we die, but getting into any sort of success, efficiency, and poise of soul while we live. Look at it once, not as a day-of-judgment decree, but as a simple law of our human nature.

That law is that whoever gauges and models himself after other people is on the road to deterioration and eventually ruin; that all real moral advancement and true success is solitary and along "the lone trail."

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Men go to the devil in crowds. One goes because the rest are going. The boy gets drunk because he does not like to refuse "the fellows." The politician steals because he hears they all do it.

In fact, the devil's other name is "They-all-do-it." A girl becomes bad usually trying to keep step. Almost all vice is social; almost all righteousness that is of any account is purely personal.

The real gist of any kind of genuine salvation, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, is that a man has formed a partnership of two, himself and God, against the universe and all that dwell therein. Saving one's soul is, in its last essence, a sort of a declaration of independence, a sworn allegiance to one's own inner, individual convictions and ideals and renunciation of all outside authority.

This makes plain why the Bible tells us to beware of the world. The world means the mob — other people. The prince of this world is one of the names Jesus gives Satan. He is "Mr. They-all-do-it."

When the devil was cast out of the Gadarene swine he confessed his name was Legion. God is one; the devil is the many.

The truth of this appears in ordinary business.

THEY ALL DO IT

The kind of clerk that is hardest to find is the one who simply does what he ought to do. Says Kipling:

Creation's cry goes up
From age to cheated age,
Give us the men who do the work
For which they get the wage!

It is a pity, but true as gospel, that the average servant is inefficient, the average mother incompetent, the average business man incapable, the average actor a poor one, and the average preacher a bore.

In fact, the average of any class of men is below the average, so to speak. The world's work is carried on by makeshifts. If any man will train himself properly and correctly perform the duties of his calling, whatever it is, he will find that people call him a remarkable person, unusual! extraordinary!

If you want to amount to anything, follow the gleam, satisfy yourself and not others, go in for your own self-respect and not the admiration of the crowd. The curse of many a youth is that he has been content to do as well as those about him.

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You have heard possibly many a sermon on "What shall I do to be saved?" Here is one on "What shall I do to be ruined?" and it is a short one: Do nothing! Follow the crowd. Aim for the average.

"For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that walk therein."

THE PRACTICAL USES OF DEATH

It is expedient for you that I go away.—JESUS.

The neighborhood of the tomb enlarges the mind. The proximity of death sharpens the perception of truth.—VICTOR HUGO.

“**P**RAGMATISM,” says Papini, one of the Italian exponents of this new-old philosophy, “lies in the midst of our theories, like the corridor in a hotel.”

Which means that, in whatever sectarian or partisan chamber you live, you must come down to pragmatism if you want to go anywhere.

In other words, we do not need so much to explain and to theorize over the facts and mysteries of life as we need to know what to do with them. The greatest question about anything is not “Why is it?” but “What will you do with it?”

And right here is where death commends itself to the highest ideals and sweetest instincts of mankind. Its function is to be the revealer of what

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is worth while in life. Quite apart from the conventional religious teachings about the hereafter, the fact of the irrevocable separation involved in death, the coming of its dread, silent footstep into the house, casts certain clear, sharp lights upon all human values.

There is this in the atmosphere of death: Reality at last stands revealed. Whatever be the future beyond the grave, when we stand by the cold silence of one whom we knew in the warmth of love, we can have but one supreme wish — that our dealings with the lost and gone had been more unselfish, more forbearing, more loyal, nobler.

You may have fumed and fretted with your child in the heyday of earthly events, but when you come to fold the stiff fingers for the last time over the little breast you ask yourself how much your worry and fret and petulance were worth.

In this garden of death bloom the rarest flowers of life. Here are humility and gentleness, forgiveness and forbearance, sympathy and goodness, reverence and awe.

Why, if no one ever died, if the human herd lived on and life had its rude way forever unchecked, we should grow hard and merciless and

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cruel, our vices instead of being but poison flowers would become sturdy upas trees, and all the gentler elements of character would take their flight like frightened fairies from a midday wood.

Death, after all, is not harsh and monstrous. He is the sweetest, loveliest prophet of nobility.

We touch the infinite mystery at two points, birth and death. And it is the little babies and the dying men that continually link us to those higher qualities of soul which pertain to the better kind of life.

But the greatest lesson of all which death has for us is the truth about love. Here where the coffin stands there can be no doubt any more that love is "the greatest thing in the world." Here the last wretched excuse we made ourselves for our impatience and fretfulness disappears ashamed.

Here there is no longer any doubt that it is better to give than to receive. Here our miserable pride and egotism shrivels and expires like an accursed Mr. Hyde.

And here we see things. Here the greed for wealth and luxury and power stands unmasked in all its salt, leprous reality. In the calcium light of death we know, we know through and through

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our souls, that love was best. We need no minister to read: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and though I have all knowledge, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

There is a pocket in the shroud. But it only holds a handful of love. This then is the practical use of death. It solves no speculative problems, it tells us nothing about the mysteries beyond, but death does show "clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners" that honor and truth, virtue and humbleness of mind, loyalty and purity — and love are the things worth while.

OTHERWORLDLINESS

What the writer, the teacher, the pastor, the philosopher, has to do is to defend humanity in man.—AMIEL'S JOURNAL.

SAID Jesus once: "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." And men have forgotten the second in striving to realize the first part of his saying. That is to say, in reaching for otherworldliness they have overlooked the manner and pattern of it, the life of the Master himself.

There has always been a deep conviction that the man of religious conviction ought in some way to be different from ordinary men. This is a sound and true feeling, but in what bizarre and amazing shapes it has been worked out! To mark the difference between a God's man and a world man one will wear a yellow robe and live on begged rice, another will shave his head, another wears a uniform and a poke bonnet, another wears a broad hat and drab garments, another uses no

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buttons but hooks and eyes in their stead, another sings no songs but David's Psalms, another will use only Latin in worship, some shout and leap and some sink into ascetic silence, and thus in a thousand ways our poor humanity has tried to be "not of this world" so as to secure the approval of God.

And when we brush aside all this mixed and marbled history of human headiness and return to the Master's words, how simple they are and how absurd seem our vagaries! For he says that it is "even as I am not of the world" that we are to gauge and set our pace.

And how was his unworldliness? Did it consist in strange apparel, or a pious tone of voice, or ascetic withdrawal from his fellows? Not in any of these outward things. For he dressed as far as we know precisely as other carpenters dressed; he mingled freely with sinners, in fact, preferred their society to that of the saints of his day, and in all of the points where we in our folly have tried to be unlike the world he was exactly like the world.

His unlikeness to the common run of folks lay wholly in his spirit.

In the midst of a society where the leading

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religionists (the Pharisees) were proud, he was humble.

While about him was a sea of selfishness, he was unselfish.

When the world, harsh, cruel, and merciless in its conventional slavery, would have cast stones at the fallen woman he said: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

All around him the world was wrestling, biting, elbowing, goring, snarling for so-called success — that is, for prominence and power; he shunned prominence and refused power.

The world was mad to rule, to dominate; he was "servant of all."

They sought to get the service of others by means of money; he sought only to serve others, and needed no money.

The world believed goodness was a matter of conformity to certain conventions; he showed how goodness was in the liberation of the individual soul from all rule and its unity with God.

The world was then occupied (and still is occupied) in getting; men get on, get rich, get famous, get drunk, get educated, and get religion. He was busy giving, he got nothing; he gave sympathy, gave health, gave bread, gave truth,

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gave himself and his blood. Hence, while the great getters have been swept into forgotten graves, upon him, the greatest giver, have been placed all crowns.

The world put its trust in force, hate, terror, money, armies, and dignities; he staked his all on love and service.

Hence, to this day, he remains the most marvelously misunderstood figure in history. The thing that calls itself Christian civilization is nine-tenths pagan. Even those organizations that assume to be his body are often how alien from his spirit!

THE SERMON OF THE CLOCK

Yes; when you put on this hat and turn this diamond button a little, from right to left — here, like this, see? — it presses a bump on your head, which no one knows about, and which opens your eyes — it is magic, you know — and you see the Reality of Things, the Soul of Bread, for instance, or of Wine, or of Pepper.— MAETERLINCK; The Blue Bird.

Tick tock, tick tock,
This is the sermon of the clock.

ONCE there was a very unhappy man. The cause of his unhappiness makes no matter. It is never of any use to ask why one is miserable; the point is, how can he escape his gloom and become happy? In his dumb wretchedness he sat down one day and stared at the clock. If you will look at anything sympathetically enough and let your soul listen you will hear some of the secrets of nature. The way to learn nothing is to talk,

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and read, and gabble, and do so continually. Be still and things will speak to you.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Listen to wisdom, said the clock.

Furthermore, the clock said: You are a fool. This is always the first thing a human being ought to grasp. Wisdom abides in the things that are; folly and woe abide in the things that ought to be and the things that might have been. Hence only men are wicked and unhappy. Clocks, trees, rabbits, and fishes take the world as it is; men are always trying to change it and wishing it had been different. That is why flowers smile and women weep.

Tick tock, tick tock,
What do you think of that? said the clock.

Happiness abides somewhere hidden in what is, the clock went on to say. The trouble with you humans is that you are ever seeking for it in what is not. Of course, you cannot find it; for, in the first place, it is not there; and, in the second place, if it were there you could not get it because there is no such place.

God is, of course. He is happy. It is only the

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kind of God that is not, that is angry and vengeful and anxious to make people suffer.

All His universe is set for joy. The sky is glad, and the little streams giggle all day, and birds sing for love, and fishes wriggle for fun, and even a piece of wood is glad it is a piece of wood, and milk and bread and honey and fire are all quite comfortable bodies.

Tick tock, tick tock,
This world is a pretty good world, said the clock.

People have either too much brains or too little. If you consider the idiots you find them usually merry. They laugh at nothing at all and play with their fingers, as kittens play with their tails. And then if you consider the sage you find him also happy, because he has come close to the heart of what *is*, which is that thing we call truth; and so he does not fret any more, for he is drinking at the hidden stream of joy that flows through the universe, through the sun and sand, and through little children and the blessed dead.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Cabbages are happier than kings, said the clock.

Yes, yes, continued the clock, happiness is the

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peculiar juice of the isness of things, and not of the oughness. And then, look at me! What am I doing? Why, ticking, of course. It is my business to tick. Now, I have to make four ticks a second, or 240 ticks a minute, or 14,440 an hour, or 345,600 a day, and to think of a week makes my head reel; and a year amounts to many millions, where numbers cease to have any meaning and are just trills.

If I were a fool man I should be everlastingly counting up how much I had to do in a week or a year, and I should simply give one tremendous whizz with my works and quit in despair. Being a sensible clock, however, I remember that while I have several million ticks to do per year, I have just as many seconds to do them in, and do not have to work per year at all. I make one tick at a time, never bother about those I made or am to make, and everything goes off nicely.

Tick tock, tick tock,

For every Tick there's a Now, said the clock.

And you people are just as happy and content as we clocks, if you only knew it.

Most everybody is happy. Our unhappiness is borrowed; borrowed from the past in shape of

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remorse or regret, and from the future in the shape of apprehension. The present is always tolerable. You drag up from the pit of the past your sins and follies and mistakes, and load them on the poor little Now, and when you are not doing that you are reaching forward to the future and imagining things disagreeable that are going to happen and piling them upon the back of poor little Now.

As a matter of fact, the past is not yours. It is God's. It belongs to the universe. It has been dissolved into the eternities, as a drop of water is lost in the sea. It is beyond your control. Let it go. All you need take from it is a little wisdom to help you to use your own. And the future is not yours. That is also God's.

"Every bud has but once to bloom," says a philosopher, "and every flower but one hour of perfect beauty.

"Each star passes but once at night the meridian above our heads, and burns there but an instant. So each feeling has its floral moment in the heart, each thought in the mind's sky its zenithal instant." Let us watch the punctual universe. All things are but one huge clock.

Your heart has its beats. Earth has its seasons.

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Generations of men come and go as the hours upon my face. Everything has its moment. You have yours. It is — *now!*

For every creature except man, heaven is now.

ON GOING TO CHURCH

Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car il pleure.

Vous qui souffrez, venez à lui, car il guerit.

Vous qui tremblez, venez à lui, car il sourit.

Vous qui passez, venez à lui, car il demeure! —

You that weep, come to this God, for he weeps.

You that suffer, come to him, for he heals.

You that tremble, come to him, for he smiles.

You that pass, come to him, for he abides.

—VICTOR HUGO; *Lines Written Beneath a Crucifix.*

GOING to church is getting to be more and more out of the fashion.

I am convinced that it is a mistake and that we are missing much that is fine and worth while. Though I share a good deal of the acerbity and irritation against the historic institution, yet it does not blind me to the immense human value and real serviceableness and loveliness of it.

Hence, though far from following all the implications and connotations implied in being a

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churchgoer, I go just the same. For I do not wish the inference of other folks' minds, or their gratuitous assumptions, to deprive me of a sterling privilege. Let me here set down some of my reasons.

First, let us define the word. By church I do not here refer to any one sect. What is in mind is that wider institution, of which each denomination is a part, which is made up of human beings associated together for the worship of God. That is to say the society for the promotion of the religious feeling. This includes Jew, Catholic, and Protestant.

I am not ignorant of the mistakes of this organization, even of its crimes. I know that religious institutions have persecuted, been cruel and narrow, and have often opposed science and political progress. Neither have I any excuse or apology for these things: they were and are wrong and wicked. But it is not excuse nor apology to observe what is the truth, that in every instance these evils arose plainly from the human weakness, ignorance, and perversity of the men, and never can be traced to the influence of the religious feeling itself.

The gold of divine love is necessarily alloyed with human imperfection; and the things com-

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plained of came every time from the alloy and not from the gold.

Laying aside its frailties, therefore, with the use of a little common sense and sympathy, we note first of all that the church is the oldest organization on earth. It antedates masonry; no family tree has roots so deep; no existing dynasty is so venerable. It is a comfort to get hold of something that has stood through the centuries. In my little meeting house I claim membership and unity with that church whose altar fires Moses built in the wilderness, whose services were held in the catacombs of Rome in the reign of Nero, whose lofty cathedrals grace Milan and Cologne, and whose weekly gatherings still take place in every city and hamlet of the world, whether in Jewish synagogue, Catholic church, or Protestant chapel.

It all means God, one way or another; it always has meant God. I am drawn to this antiquity, this persistence, this triumph over time. There's a deep thrill in the heart of man in response to Bishop Cox's hymn:

Oh, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

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Speaking of the sins of the church, too, it might not be out of place to remark that it has always been the religious feeling itself that has pointed out these sins and demanded and secured reform. The church carries in herself her own cure.

Another, and most human reason, for church-going, is that churchgoers as a rule are the best kind of people. I speak of averages.

Of course there are bad people in and good people out. But I speak of averages when I say that the clean-minded, honest, straight, kindly, generous, and loyal folk gravitate churchward. The mass, at least, of the unclean, wicked, criminal, false, treacherous, and cruel folk drift from the church away.

On the whole, therefore, I go to church because there I find "my kind of folks"; the kind I want to know, to have for my friends and to be my companions and furnish atmosphere for my children. This is not a low motive nor sordid, but high and pure.

Of creed I say nothing, because this writing is not about joining the church, but about going to church. To go, and there to worship, does not necessarily imply that one intellectually assents to the theory of the universe set forth by the preacher.

ON GOING TO CHURCH

I go to church to develop my religious feeling, not to acquire facts. Most important of all reasons for churchgoing, however, is that it is the most practical way of keeping alive and efficient one's idea and feeling of God.

I do not like to have any dark corners walled off in my soul where I am afraid to look. I refuse to allow any dogmatist or organization to make me afraid of God. I want to be familiar with the thought of Deity and not ever to turn from it with a shudder or a shrug, as men turn from a fear or from a hopeless puzzle. Now, we may talk as we please about finding God in trees and books, in poetry and in our meditations, but human nature is human nature, and unless we give regular expression to an emotion or conviction it will die of inanition.

The race is some thousands of years old and is some wiser than you or I, and the experience of the race is that stated times of worship alone keep alive the disposition to worship. Moses knew what he was doing when he inserted among the commandments the order to devote every seventh day to the religious feeling. On the whole, therefore, I am sure any right-minded person will be helped by regular attendance at church.

THE EYE OF THE SOUL

If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light.—JESUS.

What a man aspires to is the creative cause in his life, what he forever is to be.—EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

THE expression, "the single eye," is sometimes used with a ludicrous misunderstanding of the word as found in our King James version of the New Testament, where it is employed in its obsolete sense of "whole" or "healthy."

Well-meaning people have expressed their wish to have "an eye single to God's glory," or to their duty, in which the idea is that of looking at one thing and not at two. The phrase in our Bible, however, simply refers to the advantages of having a good eye over having a bad or diseased eye.

The eye may be taken as the most practical and serviceable of all our organs. It puts us most in communication with the outside world. By it

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through one lens we range the ultimate stars; and, through another, we perceive the infinitesimal forms and motions of the cell world. What the eye is to the body the instincts are to the soul.

As all the things we learn by reason are small in their sum compared to the myriad things we learn through the glance; so the wisdom, virtue, commandments, creeds, and counsel we gather by instruction in the spirit, are small compared to that higher, quicker, more perfect, and more infallible wisdom we obtain by the direct sensing of our spiritual eye of feeling and appreciation.

If you want a book in a room upstairs and if you tell me to go and find it with my eyes shut, what numberless and minute directions you must give! I must take so many steps to the right and as many to the left, and guide myself by the hands passed along this and that object, and the like! Whereas, if you tell me to go with my eyes open and bring you the blue book lying on your dresser by the pin tray, I can find it a hundred times more easily and infallibly.

It is precisely the same in making one's moral way through life. A few sound instincts and clear ideals are better than reams of rules. No system of ethics, saturated with wisdom of antiquity, and

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approved by all the philosophers of earth, is of much practical use to a morally blind man.

The business of living a pure, true, and right life is, therefore, after all, a simple one, and not complex. Follow your deepest longings, heed your inner repulsions. Keep sound and sane and follow your nose.

There is more purity in the instinctive shrinking of a simple maid than in all the infinite maneuvers of propriety. There is more worship in the child's wonder at the thunder and admiration before the flaming sunset than in all the formulas of heathen ceremonies or Christian ascriptions. There is more true repentance in the misery of an honest man at telling a lie or doing any mean action than in the longest litanies.

It is not only human to err, it is just as human to feel sorry that we have erred. The nobler, finer instincts and ideals of life are as innate as original sin. Every man knows them.

It is when we cease obeying them instantly and begin arguing with them, that we fall into the sloughs of moral confusion.

And what Jesus came to do for us was not to guide us from without, but from within; not to give us objective, external laws to guide us, but to

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awaken in us a lambent, guiding principle. He came "to open the eyes of the blind." His dynamic is not implicit obedience, but "perfect love."

This explains all that mystical-sounding language of the New Testament that speaks of "Christ formed within," "I in you and you in me," "if any man will open the door I will come in and sup with him," and so forth. All of which means that Jesus' aim is to be an inspiration of the individual moral forces, an enkindling of personal perceptive powers, the awakening of the soul to its normal moral functioning.

No man, no teacher, not even Christ himself, can guide a man, so as to develop his manhood as well as keep him from harm, except such teacher or Christ enter into a man, by his personal influence, and strengthen and clear "the eye of the soul."

LOVING GOD

Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God.—JESUS.

Nulla sine Deo mens bona est.—No mind is good without God.—SENECA.

PERHAPS of all words in human speech none is more elastic than love. It means as many different things as there are minds. It is the one word which when a man speaks means no more nor less than his personality. It is the gist, substance, and quintessence of what he is; more, of what he longs to be; for

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment.

When you say, therefore, that you love a man, a woman, a child, or God, we cannot have much idea of what you mean until we know you. Pious folk express their most exalted ideal, the feeling of their union with God, and even describe the nature of deity itself by this word; while vicious and perverted creatures use precisely the same

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word to express their lowest form of selfishness.

Love is thus self-revealing. Our truest formula of belief consists not in what our minds assent to and our reason acknowledges, but rather in what our desires are drawn to. A soul sometimes deceives itself in what it says, for our words are themselves but thought forms borrowed from others; and in what it does, for few of one's acts carry with them one's utter approval; but no soul is ever deceived in what it likes.

Let us analyze, as far as we can, this thing called love, using the term in its highest sense, and meaning the emotion that beautifies the family, preserves friendship, and appropriates God.

First of all it is a distinct emotion. It comes, as we say, from the heart, and not from the intellect or the will. As near as we can define it, it is that pleasurable feeling aroused in us by the presence of the beloved object in our thoughts.

It is well not to drift away from this common-sense basis. No intellectual process, no speech nor act, can be called love, unless it be heated from our subconscious self by this strange fire. We love a man or a book or a flower, only as the thought of the object in question gives us pleasure, and stirs this emotion.

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Those who talk of loving God, therefore, when there is no inward joy, no stir of the feeling in some ardent measure, are clearly mistaken. They may obey God, or approve of Him, or fear Him, but they do not love Him except He makes in them some spot of gladness.

Is it not absurd then, it may be inquired, to command us to love God? Can love be forced by the will? If it cannot, and it certainly cannot, as it lies beneath the will and moves before the will, why should Jesus put as the supreme "duty" of man the love of God?

The answer to this plain and substantial objection is this: that the command to love anything essentially good and beautiful is no more nor less than a command to learn to know it.

We are justified in commanding any human being to love, for instance, Shakespeare's or Raphael's works, because by common consent such art ought to and does appeal to a normal, healthy taste.

So we ought to love the beauties of nature, and deeds of heroism, self-sacrifice, and the like, and little children. The obligation here consists in our being human; whoever does not like such things steps aside from the human race, he is

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perverted, and is a subject for the alienist and not for the moralist.

God, no matter what our religion may be, so long as it is civilized, stands for the perfection of human character. In Him are all those excellencies every right-minded person wants to possess. Naturally, therefore, simply to conceive of such a being must awaken in us love to Him.

If the thought of God is distasteful to us, we either have a false and distorted notion of what God is, or our tastes are perverted and our backs turned upon what we know to be really worth while.

The command to love God is a command to know God, to think of Him, to come into the influence of His personality. Once we see God we can no more help glowing in love to Him than we can help the glow in our hearts when we see a perfect rose, a gorgeous sunset, a kind deed, or an innocent child.

The curse of sensualism, of selfishness, of hate, of greed, and of all flesh-centered or ego-centered passions is that they stop up the eye of the soul. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Lowness, pessimism, and all bitter and base

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thinking not only prevent us from seeing God, but also from seeing anything else that is worth seeing. Bound in such meshes we cannot see a woman as her spirit should be looked on, nor a man for what he really is, nor any of the moral loveliness of the universe.

I do not ask that your idea of God be the same as mine, for perhaps both of us are far from the truth, but it is right to demand of any man that he have some notion or mental image of the highest, truest, noblest things in life; whatever your God may be He ought to be no less than that; and you are missing the meaning of life if you don't love Him.

THE USES OF CONFESSION

Sincérité, comme le feu, purifie tout ce qu'elle embrasse.— Sincerity, like fire, purifies everything it embraces.— MAETERLINCK.

One can have my confession without having my heart; when one has my heart, he needs no confession of mine; all is open to him.

— LA BRUYERE.

WHEN the whole world has tried a truth and found it good it compresses it into a proverb. One of these compressed tablets of everlasting truth is: Confession is good for the soul.

To confess a sin or a mistake, a weakness or a fault, in some way separates it from our souls and, as Maeterlinck says, purifies it as by fire, sterilizes its dangerous germs.

So to open a heart is to cure it. Only our concealed, disavowed, or unconscious sins eat into the soul and attack the life principle.

This is true in our relations with each other.

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The little child that goes frankly to his mother and admits his disobedience is taken quickly into the arms of love. Man and wife who live in a continual white clarity of mutual confession have an unbreakable peace, a love bastioned and secure against all attack.

In society it is not the known but the unknown vice that is dangerous. Every exposed fraud, every aired scandal, every known scoundrel is a red flag of warning to the young and innocent. It is the prosperous, devious, and secret wrongdoing that spreads its cancerous roots wide and sinks them deep into the body politic.

Newspapers are a sort of public confessional. What is known is half cured. No one hates the organ of publicity as much as the corrupter of public virtue, the agent of private fraud, who needs darkness for his success.

Confession is impossible between man and man unless there be some sort of moral stature in the one confessed to greater than in the one who confesses.

To a soul nobler than myself I can speak freely of my cowardices, my falseness, my lapses. As I talk to him even my envy and littleness, my egotism, vanity, disloyalty, and selfishness, I know

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not how, seem to lose their septic and dangerous quality and to become objects of curious interest.

What a relief, what sweet joy, to find a friend from whom you have been estranged, perhaps by some fault of yours, and to lay bare your weakness and wrong in plain, surgical strokes. In some mysterious way, out of your very evil there springs a tenderness, a strength of mutual affection which was unknown before. What would lovers be without lovers' quarrels and the making up?

It is precisely this psychological quality that characterizes our relation to the infinite — to God, under whatsoever form we conceive Him. Whether it be the prostration before the ancient altar of sacrifice, whereon burns the lamb of atonement, or the whispered outpourings of a troubled heart through the wicker of the confessional, or the prayers and groans at the Methodist mourners' bench, or the Salvation Army's penitent form, the principle is the same. The soul is unveiling itself.

Just to say, to admit, to avow what we are, in the face of infinite goodness, floods the life with a cleansing stream. It is for this reason that all religions have placed confession, in one form or another, as the central point of their ritual.

For confession is, at its core, sincerity. It is

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only in sincerity that the soul can breathe deep breaths, that life is free and joyous. To live in conscious deception with those we love is to walk with feet entangled with strands. We are ever on the watch. There is no peace, no utter relaxation. Those men and women whose private moral code admits the doing of things unconfessable live a fevered and restless existence.

The first thing is peace with the infinite. Even if a man belongs to no church at all, if the implications of institutional religion repel him, let him in certain quiet moments call up his soul and lay bare his deepest self to his own ideal of God; let him admit himself, avow and confess himself, and he will carry from his silent interview a lighter heart than he has known.

Nothing is more foolish than dodging the idea of God and evading His presence in the thought. I would that all unchurched men might lay aside their prejudices, the various ideas about God which they have been taught, and all notions of their own fitness or unfitness, and open their mind's door and invite in whatever they believe God to be, and then and there strip themselves of all subterfuge, of all supposed goodness and supposed badness, and be once sincere with the infinite — fearlessly,

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confidently sincere, as a child before his father, as a creature before him that made him, as a being of half lights, mysteries, and shadows before the sun.

Whoever commences to live a white, honest life in the face of his inner ideal, will begin to be honest with himself. And whoever is downright and square with himself is the only one who can possibly be loyal to his friends.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

“And hereby,” says John the beloved, “we know that we are of the truth and shall assure our hearts before him. For if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.”

THE HEART OF FATALISM

That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet.—MATTHEW.

There are many truths that seem repugnant and contrary one to the other, yet which subsist together in admirable agreement. The source of most religious errors is the exclusion of one or the other of these truths.—PASCAL.

ONE of the most striking and suggestive sayings of the gospel is the naïve explanation Matthew gives of this and that act of Jesus, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet." It is a luminous expression, masterful, dramatic.

One sees a life moving according to programme laid out ages ago; a personal career which rises from a petty thing of chance and becomes a part of unfolding destiny, a cog in the great wheel of time; it is fatalism, but only the sweet juice of fatalism, with the bitter rind thrown away.

Every doctrine has some good and some bad in

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it. Any statement of truth, followed to an extreme exclusion of all other truths, becomes unreason.

And there is a vast deal of truth and comfort in the old creed of predestination. There is a sense of rest comes to the mind with a realization of the sovereign and all-compelling will of God. Always, of course, provided one believes, as we might say, in moderation, and does not push his faith to the point of paralysis.

For, while predestination is true, it is not the whole truth, for no truth can be wholly crowded into a statement — nothing but life can perfectly inclose or express truth. It is not the word made printer's ink; it is the word made flesh, which is complete, well rounded, and safe to follow.

The source of dissipation in life is the feeling that one is the creature and puppet of chance. Hence spring our mad follies, our profligate wastes, our toxic pleasures and septic negligence. If it's all luck, then let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

When one speaks of destiny, one ordinarily refers to one event only in life — to-wit: death. But the end of life is not the only part that is scheduled. It is all according to programme.

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We are born each on his appointed day, as much as Jesus himself came not until "the fullness of time." And every man's life is a plan of God, as Bushnell puts it. The varied structure of our days is made after some plan drawn upon the divine trestle board. There are blue prints and specifications in heaven for each soul's growth.

A conviction like this must give one poise. It corrects the dangerous extremes of despair and overconfidence. It takes away worry. It removes our nervous sense of haste. "He that believeth shall not make haste." It spreads a summer calm throughout our thoughts. It clears the brain and steadies the hand. The spirit of man becomes a candle of the Lord.

In some form this sense of programme is discernible in every great man. It is the essence of heroism. Napoleon called it his star. Socrates spoke of his daimon, who whispered him advice. Cæsar bade the frightened boatmen have no fear, for Cæsar was on board, and his fortunes.

The remarkable courage of the Japanese springs from their perfect acceptance of fate. And whatever force there is in Islam is traceable to the same source.

When we exclaim that we cannot accept fatalism

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we are guilty of our western fault, which is — logic. Carrying fatalism to its logical extreme, it is a deadening thing, and produces only a stoic stolidity. But why carry it to an extreme?

The art we western people need to learn is to extract the feeling, the flavor, the life element, out of a dogma, and not run it down to its pitiless logical end. For, as I have said, there is not a solitary credo, whether in Christianity, positivism, rationalism, or in any other religion or philosophy which does not become eventually false and salt and bitter, if treated with pure reason alone.

It is only in the temperamental mixture and blend of all the great truths that we gain wisdom and peace.

Let me feel, therefore, that this day is marked out for me; that the past, good and bad, is inevitable [even if it *was* not], and is now dissolved into the ocean waters of the infinite purpose; that the future is moving toward me as fixedly as the past is receding; that all reform and right work, all truth and goodness and noble action are almighty; their failure is only seeming; they have in themselves the very toughness and conquering indestructibility of God himself; that every mean deed and impure thought and cruel gratification and

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unworthy self-indulgence must meet its purifying pain and whitening grief some time, somewhere; that the stars are my friends and the three fates are motherly souls; that whatever power made the lily and clothes it, created the sparrow and marks its fall, has also a place and programme for me; in fine, let me, in my little corner also, go about my Father's business, even as the Great Teacher, without fear or haste or heat, moving as planets move, doing what I may do "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet."

A PREACHMENT TO PREACHERS

My dear brother: You are indeed out of your place, for you are reasoning when you ought to be praying.— Yours truly, JOHN WESLEY.

FROM the layman in the pews this silent appeal rises to the minister in the pulpit: he that hath ears to hear let him hear!

What we want from you, sir, is but one thing — yourself.

If you preach Christ, it does us no good, unless you preach him in terms of your own personal life. The historic Christ and the doctrinal and tabulated Christ we, as well as you, can get from books.

We want no words from you except those that are red with your blood.

We do not want the Word, but the Word made Flesh.

We do not want you to arouse our emotions; we want to see you gripped by your own.

We do not want argument; we do not want

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anything proved to us; for where you lay one doubt you raise twenty.

We do not want information; all its sources are open to us as well as to you. We do not want science, history, or philosophy; we want of you what we want of the one great neighbor — heart.

Please go through your sermon, before you bring it to us, and cut out every platitude, every fine-sounding phrase, everything that you will say just because you think your church requires it, or because it is your duty to say it. Give us only what you cannot help saying.

We ask you to compete with novels and stories in one thing — human interest.

We ask you to compete with poets in just one thing — vision.

We ask you to compete with men of science in just one thing — absolute honesty.

We ask you to compete with those who make us bad in just one thing — in that you like us.

We do not need your guidance; we need your confession — that shall most truly guide us.

Do not berate us; we know how bad we are. Do not dictate to us; for the soul leaps to truth and not authority. Do not urge us; for souls that can see need no urging. Simply show us one who

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is in the clutch of some reality; then we shall be shamed and smitten, reborn and set on the right way.

Do not entertain us. You cannot compete with the actor. Strip your soul naked to us and show us what no man can simulate — life in its pure motion.

Speak low. The things you should have to say are secrets. Every man's religion is utterly modest; it is his most shrinking and sensitive vital spot.

Remember that we are interested in the ultimate things — love, life, God and death. Whenever you mention one of these things we are anxious to hear if you have any light. Remember that the spirit of this age is not as the spirit of former ages. Learn these words of Griggs: "Our interest everywhere these days is in the distinctively personal. If one can tell openly and clearly the story of his own life, there are many who will find deep interest in this. Literature is becoming more and more autobiographical. It all means the deepening consciousness of the absolute significance of the human soul."

It is not doctrines any more we want. It is not theorems and saving formulas. We want doc-

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trines incarnated, theorems shining through souls, formulas that are the aureoles of experience.

Holy church has become a trysting place for our souls with yours.

We do not want to believe; we want to see.

We do not want gold any more, but the gold mine; not money, but the bank and mint; not the law, but the lawgiver; not the botany of Christ, but the rose of Christ; not the sermon, but the human being behind it. We, too, "seek not yours, but you!"

BEYOND THE GRAVE

If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable.—SAINT PAUL.

THE idea of immortality is one that is most tenaciously clung to by our sentiments and most conclusively rejected by materialistic reasoning.

There is danger that the mind of the average intelligent person, trained to the strict honesty and self-control of modern scientific methods, will put aside the sweet persuasion as belonging to the myths and guesses of former ages of ignorance. Let us, therefore, state succinctly the grounds upon which an enlightened, strictly truthful intelligence bases such a belief.

And, first, the whole matter must be recognized as lying outside of and beyond the realm of accurate knowledge.

It has no kinship with botany, mathematics, chemistry, or any of the other exact sciences. It lies rather in that region which every cultured

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scientist to-day acknowledges to exist, where the overtones of truth play, where are the deep mysteries of the personality, the subliminal instincts, and the finer esthetic perceptions.

These things, of course, are just as real, though not so well defined, as the exact sciences, and have quite as much, if not more, to do with life.

All materialistic proofs of a future life, therefore, such as psychic research and spiritualistic performances, may be set aside as hardly consistent with intellectual self-respect.

The profoundest argument perhaps is the one emphasized by Emerson, who says that "when God has a point to carry with the race he plants his arguments in the instincts." The fact that the conviction that personality will outlast death is as old as humanity, has never been absent from human experience, and is practically acknowledged universally to-day, has great force. So persistent a phenomenon of human consciousness goes a long way toward proving that it corresponds to a fact.

Science, as John Fiske points out, has nothing more to do with the matter than to weigh this fact. Science does not prove immortality impossible. He says: "In the course of evolution

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there is no more philosophical difficulty in man's acquiring immortal life than in his acquiring the erect posture and articulate speech."

The most convincing proof of our continued existence, however, to thoughtful persons is the fact that, without this, life loses its moral significance. The next world is inextricably bound up with our ethical sense. And that not merely by tradition, but by a profound reason, which has been truly felt, though fantastically stated, by men since the beginning of time.

The point is that moral motives are too long to fit this earthly short career. All the higher, more humanizing, subtler, and more altruistic sentiments are too cramped for room. They cannot fitly play inside a space of thirty-three years or so.

Brutal, bestial, sensual, and all destructive emotions reap a quick harvest. Their reward is in their hand. The selfish man gets what he goes after. He makes his money, he sates his lust, he fills the measure of his pride, and, as with the beasts, death comes mercifully with the decay of his powers, so that his term is in a way rational.

But the rewards of virtue are long and slow. The increment of goodness seems a cosmic process that needs not days but centuries. Honesty is

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not the best policy always, within a period of a year nor of a lifetime; we feel it to be the best policy always only when it can get a chance to outlive all opposition.

Even so loyalty, purity, nobility, and all the diviner traits of men only have chance to stand erect when they can pierce through death. The world would miss its proudest instances of manly strength and womanly beauty if there should be taken away all cases where men and women went smiling to death for a principle.

Hence, to remove from men the feeling that another life supplements this would cut the nerve of moral emotion; it would remove the halo from our flesh; it would rub out our tint of divinity; it would eliminate all that far-reaching heroism of souls that leads them to commit themselves utterly to noble aims.

Efface heaven, and the result is psychologically sure — there would be left for us but the slough of the senses more or less refined, and instead of “enduring the cross and despising the shame for the joys set before us,” we should adopt the advice of Propertius:

“Dum licet inter nos igitur laetamur amantes;
non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.— Let us

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enjoy pleasure while we can ; pleasure is never long enough."

The world would be poor without its Nathan Hale, and Wiclif, and Savonarola, and Bruno, and Paul, and Socrates, and Jesus, all of whom had moral contents that spilled over death.

The best reason for keeping heaven is because it is needed.

YOKE JOY

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it!

— MOSES.

Wind and Wave and Sun, how regenerative these elder brothers are! — WILLIAM SHARP.

NATURE forgets nothing.

She not only produces with inexhaustible fecundity but she keeps on producing the same kind of things.

Like the witches in "Macbeth," she sings: "I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do," and she does the third time what she did first. We emphasize the fact that no two blades of grass are exactly alike, and no two waves, and no two faces; but the most striking factor in the case, after all, is that all grass blades are on the same pattern, and all waves and faces.

Yesterday the sun rose in the east and set in the west; to-morrow and forever it will repeat the same performance. Rain ascends from the ocean,

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journeys on cloud ships to the mountains, is condensed and rolls down in rivers to the sea once more, a huge, endlessly turning water wheel.

Beavers build the same kind of dams to-day they built in the four rivers of Eden, and hens lay the same sort of eggs that Eve boiled for Adam's breakfast. Bees make honey in the same shaped cells and of the same sweetness and by the same process their ancestors used for the honey Samson found in the lion's carcass and turned into a riddle.

Nature produces a new thing only by infinitely repeating the old with minutest variations. It took her eons and centuries to create a human arm, for instance, having practiced for a tremendous space of time on the foreleg of the quadruped, the wing of the bird, and the flipper of the sea creature. And how many millions of experiments with sensitive skin dots before she could bring forth an eye to feel light or an ear to experience sound!

Atoms and molecules, as well as the people of New England, are characterized by doing just as they always have done. Otherwise there would be no such thing as science.

The reason why coal ignites at a certain temperature, why oxygen and hydrogen leap together

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under certain conditions and separate under certain other circumstances, is precisely the same reason why the ladies' aid society at Worcester, Mass., always serves cold ham and hot coffee and beans at the church supper, and why waiters wear dress suits — "they always have."

In the forest the willow drops its arms, the oak extends them straight out, and the poplar holds them up, because they have the habit. Everything is old, old, old; even our hunger for something new — the Greeks had it.

Now, if nature is such a slave to habit, it must follow that habit is a good thing. Nature is saturated with joy; nature everlastingly repeats; hence if we would attain joy, let us seek it in repetition. That is a perfectly good syllogism.

And it works out excellently well in practice. Most of our pleasure comes from the acts we perform over and over again; as breakfast, dinner, and supper; sleep and daily work, the Saturday holiday and the Sunday rest. To get religious enjoyment firmly fixed in us Jehovah prescribed every seventh day for it.

In proportion as a pleasure is healthful, normal and permanent, it is found in grooves. Oppositely, as we become unhealthy and perverted we

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seek happiness principally in strange and unusual sources. Not that there is no pleasure in what is new, only it is not dependable. To expect contentment from novelty is to be glad occasionally, and miserable generally; while to train one's self to get the zest and fun of life from its ordinary course, is to enter into partnership with great Nature's self.

The old distinction between happiness and joy is in point. Happiness just "happens"; that is, comes now and then, and by chance; joy, however, is in the nature of things; it is the condition of spirit arising from being in harmony with the universe.

No class of people will you find more wretched than those whose pleasure consists in novelty, such as gamblers, the "smart set," and all who are continually buying new gowns, new automobiles, new houses and new wives.

They have fun, but it is in rare oases dotting desert wastes. All aristocracies and plutocracies who have no work to make them happy, float as a green scum upon the vast, sweet, healthy pool of humanity; they are an exanthematous excretion upon the surface of the huge, sound body of the race, which is made up of children and letter

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carriers, bricklayers and scientists, typewriter girls and grocers, tinkers, tailors and candlestick makers.

How carefully wrong we have all been trained! Success we imagine to consist in escaping from those who work for a living to sit among those who work only when they please.

Quite the contrary, the contented portion of the earth's population consists of those who work when the bell rings, whether they feel like it or not. For they have heard the voice of Nature, who cries, saying:

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Nature's peace is yoke peace. It lies within the usual. The devil's peace, whose end is ashes, is alcohol-jewelry-fame-novelty peace.

THE SOUL LAOCOON

The Laocoon of Virgil! . . . I know of one more terrible. It is the one smothered and devoured by serpents issued from his own heart.—

—CATULLE MENDES.

The prosperity of fools shall destroy them.—

—SOLOMON.

MODERN life is engaged in a tremendous effort to "look pleasant." Literature of the day is inundated with streams of advice, urging us all to cheer up. Those philosophers are the fashion who tell us that nothing matters much so long as we chew our food well and don't worry. And the most successful of present day propagandists are they who reveal to us that there is no hell, no devil, no wrong, no dark, and no pain. Meanwhile hearts continue to break, homes to be shipwrecked, mouths to be full of the ashes of excess, fortunes to be lost, quarrels to develop, and children to have the gripes.

The great fact, eternal as the race, is tragedy.

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Not for nothing the great creative minds, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, hold up to us the polished mirror of their verse and show us often the divine human face stone smitten with a Medusa look and snake haired with horrors.

And the secret of triumph lies in knowing how to adjust one's self to the fact of sorrow. All sorts of cure-alls have been hawked down the streets of time.

One cult says of woe, laugh at it; another, inflict such penitential torments on yourself that you outdo it; another, face it stolidly; another, deny it, notwithstanding the facts; another, join our institution, which will insure you against it, if not in this world, in the next; and so on. But the wise of all ages have discerned the healing truth about it, which is that all real trouble as well as all real peace is from one's own heart, and in one's own inner court is the real arena of triumph or of defeat.

There is not a single tragedy in history, as Maeterlinck points out, in his "Wisdom and Destiny," where fatality really reigns. External fatalities there do seem to be, such as sickness, accident, the deeds of the wicked, and the death of them we love; but such a thing as an internal

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fatality does not exist. The hero always triumphs; at least in that forum where alone triumph or defeat has any meaning — that is, within his own heart.

Success and failure in life, then, are in no sense dependent upon anything but myself, and neither are they in any least degree the sport of chance; they come by laws as sure in their operation as the laws that move the sun. In other words, every wretched man is a Laocoon tangled and crushed by the serpents issued from his own self.

Among these serpents the most common are the bodily appetites that have been allowed to strangle the will. To change the comparison, it is as if a man drives his sledge over the snows of destiny, guiding strong wolves, which pull him forward so long as he drives them, but turn and rend him when he loses control.

Foremost comes alcohol, which has paralyzed how many a noble will, and burned to the ground how many a spirit's dwelling it might have cheered! There is no drunkard that is not a spiritual suicide. And the first point in the redemption of an alcoholic pervert is that he realizes that, as no one made him drink except himself, so no one can cure him, except himself.

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Alcoholism is never hopeless; one can always quit.

It is the spiritual condition of an impotent will that is hopeless.

Worse than this, however, and worse than anything, is the perversion of the creative instinct. The feeling that attracts man to woman is the most sacred and strong of all the desires of the body. When this passion ceases to be a mastered force, at once warming and sanctifying life, and becomes a python, torturing and crushing its victim, there ensues the bitterest death in life. The most appalling of all ruins is the ruin of love.

We might also speak of greed, of ambition, of idleness, of envy, of hate, of egotism, of pride, and the hundred and one other snakes that are nested in the human heart, hatched in the warmth of self-satisfied ignorance and increased at length to the size of tragedy.

The cure and banishment of all such things is found in love and wisdom; love fixed on no less object than utter perfection — God. For to love God is to let into one's life the forces of the infinite. Love means admiration and self-giving. To admire and to give one's self up to such an ideal as is presented to us in Jesus, is to admit into

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our hearts the most antiseptic of all emotions, to receive into our wills the most tonic of all spiritual potencies.

And wisdom. That is, first of all, teachableness, the recognition of our ignorance. It means the openness to truth, and the closure against all such fraudulent imitations of truth and alleged substitutes for truth, as superstition, custom, and authority.

Reason, enlightened by wisdom, the knowledge and practice of the laws of the universe; and the heart, lit up by love, the invigoration streaming in from God and from good men and women; these are they that shall rescue the Laocoon soul from its own serpent brood.

THE CENTER OF THINGS

I HAVE discovered the center of the universe. It is very wonderful and comforting. I am the center of the universe. In a minute this morning this flashed on me, and the puzzle of the ages was solved.

No more dispute as to whether the earth goes round the sun, or the sun round the earth, or both round the constellation of Hercules, for the whole cosmos revolves about me. I am the axis.

When Proctor Knott extolled Duluth as the spot where the horizon comes down at equal distance in every direction, he spoke the sober truth. I write these lines on a ship a thousand miles at sea; all around is water and sky; and right in the exact geographical center of everything am I and my ship. Come to think of it, this has always been the case, all my life.

My father and mother existed for the purpose of bringing me into the world. The old Third Ward schoolhouse in Springfield, Illinois, was

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built that I might attend there, and (it has since been torn down) learn to spell; indeed, the entire educational system came into being in order that I might go to that school.

Emperors die in China, and kings are upset in Portugal; earthquakes shake Sicily and panics Wall Street, and all simply that the news thereof may be laid before me at the breakfast table.

The big and the little dippers whirl about the polestar, Antares winks, and Venus glows, and Halley's comet comes and goes — for me.

And in all this there is no egotism. For in saying I am the center of the cosmos I do not at all imply that *you* also are not the center of the cosmos. In fact, you are; everybody is. There are as many centers as there are conscious beings. The mistake we have made all along is in supposing there can be but one center. If you look through a window pane covered with rain drops or frost crystals at a point of light, you will notice that any way you move your head the light always remains the center of innumerable concentric rings formed by the glistening reflections. It is even so in life, as you move the center moves.

There are as many worlds as there are creatures. As Zangwill says: "The scent world of

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dogs, the eye world of birds, the uncanny touch world of bats, the earth world of worms, the water world of fishes, the gyroscopic world of dancing mice, the flesh world of parasites, the microscopic world of microbes, intersect one another inextricably and with an infinite interlacing, yet each is a symmetric sphere of being, a rounded whole, and to its denizens the sole and self-sufficient cosmos."

The account of creation as given in the Pentateuch is, therefore, psychologically and essentially correct; God did make the sun to give man light by day, and the moon and stars to shine on him by night, as far as man is concerned.

If the Bible had been written for angels it might have stated the case differently. When the penitent at the mourner's bench is told that he will never find peace until he believes that the Son of God came to save him personally, he is told the plain truth; the meaning of which is that he is to move in from the suburbs into the center of creation.

For it is only when a soul feels the stars rise and fall about him orderly, angels and devils tugging at him, and all creation recognizing his geocentric supremacy, that he gets poise and ceases to be eccentric. Eccentric means, having the point

THE CENTER OF THINGS

about which a wheel revolves at one side of the center.

There are so many discontented, unhappy people in the world, simply because there are so many eccentric, lopsided, bumpy, flat-wheeled, irregular souls. Move in! Move in! Occupy your due place in the spotlight of destiny! Worms do it, why not you?

Philosophers have ridiculed this homocentric theory. Goethe turned from it in disgust. Pope wrote caustically:

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"

"See man for mine!" replies the pampered goose.

But the instinct of humanity is wiser than the wisdom of the learned. Homer breathed truth when he represented the gods fighting for and against Troy. The Old Testament is right when it shows Jehovah actively interested in the chosen people. Every people is a chosen people, and there is no God but our own peculiar Jah or Elohim.

And Jesus was most right and true of all when he had us appropriate, each one of us, the special care of the Father of All. There is no Providence that is of any mortal use to me but Special

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Providence; if it is only general it had as well not be at all. It is precisely because He clothes the lilies of the field that He will also clothe you, O ye of little faith. Because He notes the sparrow He will note you.

You have an inalienable right to your centrality. Occupy it. You cannot believe in God unless you believe He is yours. The only real God is my God.

THE THREE SPHINXES BY THE ROAD

Nobility is not acquired by birth, but by life, often by death.— PLUTARCH.

“**M**EN,” says Pascal, “unable to find any cure for death, misery and ignorance, have the notion that, to render themselves happy, they must not think of these things.”

The real test of a wise man is suggested by this paragraph. For a wise man is precisely one who has definitely settled his attitude toward, first, death; second, failure; and third, the unknown.

No matter how much knowledge is in a man's head, how much skill in his hands, and how much purpose and force in his heart, he is still a fool unless he has met and arranged with the three great facts.

Not that any man can understand one or all of these three mysteries. It is safe to say no man understands them. Since the beginning of human time they have sat like sphinxes by the roadside of every man's life.

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But one can do better than understand, one can adjust one's self to them.

After all, in anything, the truest wisdom is not knowledge, but adjustment.

We do not know what electricity is, but we can adjust ourselves to it, we can use it, make it work, and cause it to serve us in the telegraphic wire instead of killing us in the lightning. So also we do not know what gravitation is, nor chemical affinity, nor life; but we can employ these mysteries to our advantage.

The last three mysteries of life, which men in general cannot use, and by which they are baffled and downcast, are those I have mentioned. To adjust ourselves to them implies the highest degree of intelligence and of moral power.

First, death. Death is as natural as life. It is a certainty. How many people have settled with it? Sad to say, to most persons death comes as an awful calamity, a blow in the dark, an event that upsets all calculations and defeats all the aims of life.

A wise man is one who is always as ready to die as to live; his books are in order, his business arranged, and his thoughts are so set that death may come at any moment. No man who is not so

THE THREE SPHINXES BY THE ROAD

has a right to call himself happy or intelligent.

Second, failure or sickness. In whatever a man proposes, he ought to make definite plans what he will do in case he fails.

Any fool can manage to get along with good health; only a wise man knows how to be ill.

Any general can succeed if he invariably is victorious; the great general is the one who knows what to do when defeated.

Third, ignorance. What one does not know is infinite, compared with what one knows. The supreme test of character is one's relation to the unknown.

Out of the unknown come the plagues of life; for the unknown is the lair of the greatest enemy of life — fear.

Out of the unknown issue fear of God, of spirits, of nature, of the dark, of fate, of disease.

Properly adjusted to the unknown we have religion, instead of superstition; our lives are made moral and brave and free, instead of base and cowardly and enslaved.

The clear, scientific, religious mind sees clearly the difference between the things it can and cannot know; the untrained, low mind blurs the line between known and unknown. This is the chief

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distinction between the intelligent and the unintelligent thinker.

Whoever, therefore, will have peace, poise and wisdom let him make definite arrangement with the three sphinxes — death, failure and the unknown.

THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK

For their rock is not as our Rock.—MOSES.

THE history of mankind is the record of a huge experiment in getting together.

Without organization we get none of the finer elements of life, such as orchestras and steam heat, cities, street cars, dictionaries and police.

Pure individualism means barbarism. Each man dwells in his own cave with the woman he has taken.

The struggle upward on the part of the race is merely a struggle to crush out those elements that prevent coöperation.

Pride, lust, money-love, power-love and all forms of primal egoism disintegrate society, prevent unity, split all pacts of mutual help and are thus agents of savagery.

They minister to primitive egoism, but they destroy the higher, finer and more permanent egoism; that is to say, while they seem to increase a man, yet in reality they eat him up. They make

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him small, they narrow his nature, provincialize his ideas and push him back toward the brute. They are not forces of evolution, but of dissolution.

Now, therefore, almost all attempts at getting together, all efforts at organizing into states, churches, armies, cults, unions, and the like, have appealed to these primeval passions, which in their nature can never give solidity to bodies of men.

The cementing passions are curious. For they seem at first glance to be anti-individualistic; to make for loss to me and gain to others. Really, when we come to try them out they increase and strengthen *me*. They are as a matter of fact, powerfully egoistic, only that quality is concealed in them; it takes time, faith, vision and spiritual regeneration to see it.

For instance, take love-of-men, of men souls themselves, instead of the love of power over them. That seems to mean for me to annihilate self for others. Also take joy-in-work, and devotion-to-ideal, and delight-in-service. All of these seem to strike at self. We rebel against them with the instinct of self-defense.

It is only when we reach a certain point of ripeness in experience, of maturity in wisdom and

THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK

of power in spiritual insight, that we see through the shell to the kernel.

It is then we perceive the actual truth of the saying that "he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it."

For we learn by and by that only as we put away the cruder egoisms of lust, money-love, pride, the desire to be master, the hate of service and so on, do we come to a sweeter, wider, nobler egoism; we come indeed to some sort of true appreciation of our own souls and of their worth to us and the world.

Only through altruism, only by the path of altruism, do we reach a sound individualism.

In the highest realm of character altruism and egoism mean the same thing. They blend. They make the full harmony, the white light of souls.

All those institutions, therefore, that are founded upon the sands of crude egoisms must perish. The state that means mere defense, the church that stands for rescuing the elect "as brands from the burning," the schools whose aim is to make scholars and gentlemen apart from the vulgar crowd, the business world which has for a motive to make me rich and independent and separate

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from my fellows, are on rotting piers and will go down in time.

Jesus was right. Human society must be built on the abiding altruistic motives; only so shall "the gates of hell not prevail against it." Nietzsche was shortsighted and superficial. Tolstoi was right. Disarmament is right.

Only as we dare to trust the altruistic laws, only as we fearlessly build our institutions on them, only as we have a practical, bold faith in the cosmic energy of love and trust, and an unshakable belief that men will respond to it, in spite of what they say, only so can we permanently get together and build our houses upon the rock.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The only true courage is against fate.

—LADY SOMERY.

THE Declaration of Independence by the nation is not of much importance unless each citizen of the nation issues and abides by his own personal declaration of independence.

Join me, therefore, in this my declaration:

I deny that there is any such thing as chance or luck. I affirm that the universe is managed by an intelligent person. I can see only a little way, but as far as I do see all is law; that is just ground for believing that all is law everywhere. I say a Person manages the universe, because my experience furnishes me no grounds for conceiving of an intelligence apart from personality.

I deny that God is ever under any circumstances my enemy. I affirm He is always my friend.

I deny that there is any caprice in the moral

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or spiritual world. I affirm the cosmic accuracy of the laws that govern souls.

I deny that there is so much as one grain of truth in premonitions.

I deny that fear ever does any good. I affirm that the sensation of fear is always poison, to be resisted with all my might. Whatever comes, I shall meet it better unafraid.

I deny that heredity has done anything to me or to any person which we cannot turn to our good. I affirm that the original heredity is that I am a son of God, and that this inherited good spirit, if we can realize it, is stronger than any bad blood.

I deny that environment is stronger than I. I affirm that I can make any possible environment serve my success.

I deny that happiness is a worthy aim of life. I affirm that I am put here to become great, not to be happy.

I deny that any soul that is heroic is ever in its depths unhappy. I affirm that joy is the invariable accompaniment of fearlessness, truth and loyalty.

I deny that any habit, instinct or taste is stronger than I. I affirm that I can change these,

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

and that the changing of them is all there is to culture and progress.

I deny that money has ever either aided or impeded the power of truth and of good in the world. I affirm that the only spiritual dynamic is personality.

I affirm that religion is nothing except the personal influence of God, and that progress is nothing except the personal influence of good people.

I deny that I am "a worm of the dust." I affirm that I am as important as the rest of the universe.

I deny that death ends all. I affirm that my personality shall live on after the dissolution of my body. I affirm that the belief that the human soul ceases to exist at death is the most profoundly immoral of all beliefs.

I affirm that this world was made for lovers; that whoso misses love misses life; that loyal love is tougher than all hates, envies and malice, and will eventually overcome them.

I deny that "as I have made my bed I must lie in it." I affirm that "if I have made my bed wrong, please God, I will make it again."

I deny that opportunity knocks at every man's

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door but once. I affirm that every day is an opportunity.

I deny that it is worth while to seek to be rich, to be famous, or to occupy great place. These things are gambling chances.

I affirm that the one thing worth seeking is that work which seems play. Only in doing that work is a human being sound, sane and content.

I deny any authority whatever over my mind.

I affirm that I am absolutely bound to do what seems right to me.

I affirm that my personal well-being is best promoted by striving for the well-being of others.

I can prove none of these things. They are axiomatic to me. There is nothing more self-evident by which to prove them.

SALVATION BY RESPONSIBILITY

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

— THE PREACHER.

FIRST, what is salvation?

It may mean several things; it has been used to mean making sure of the entrance of one's soul into heaven.

Of that meaning I have nothing here to say. I use the word in another sense, the modern sense of making one's character strong, so that one is master of one's passions, freed from fear, and happily adjusted to the universe. In other words, one is sure of one's self, and a source of strength and joy to others.

This kind of salvation, however it may be with any other kind, never is attained except by one thing — Responsibility.

A saved arm is an arm that is muscular and skillful, a saved leg is one you can run and kick with, a saved mind is one that thinks clearly.

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Each of these is saved by peril, burden and effort.

Protecting, coddling, and shielding them, only makes them flabby and weak.

This is the law of life. The woman that is most really saved is the woman who bears and rears a large family of children. They mean burden, anxiety, labor, self-giving, often agony, always responsibility. And those are the things that *save* a woman; save her from being petty, dissatisfied, useless and bad.

The noblest women I ever knew have been those who have launched young lives. The most magnificent soul that can be grown on this earth is a mother.

We all want to "help" boys. Yet that which makes a boy great is that which hinders him. Many a promising lad needs only to be kicked out, battered, discouraged, and opposed, to make a man of him.

Not that we should abuse boys. We shall help them. But this old world, and nature, and destiny, intend to haze him, to attack him, and to roll him in the mud.

And if that rough treatment arouses him to fight and win, he will be saved. Our safeguarding does not save.

SALVATION BY RESPONSIBILITY

Girls, it is commonly supposed, are to be screened, protected. A girl, however, that has always been carefully kept from all temptations and responsibility, may be a very sweet, nice girl, but she will not be a great woman.

Some of the purest souls I ever knew were Salvation Army lassies, who grappled with vice and uncleanness daily.

One of the noblest souls I ever knew was a vaudeville actress, who began life as a waif, struggled up single-handed, and kept herself unspotted.

One way to save a soul is to pack it in cotton and keep it in a glass globe. Another way is to render it antiseptic and send it forth into an untoward world.

What modern souls want is not to be secure. They want to be great.

Any theology can tell you what to do to be secure; if you care for that.

But there is only one way to be great, to have strength that can be depended upon in a crisis, to have the kind of happiness that cannot be bowled over by calamity, to have the kind of faith that doubts strengthen and do not disturb, and to have the kind of purity that comes from wisdom and not from ignorance; and that way is

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to accept responsibilities, grapple them, and bear them nobly.

Then you are safe as a fearless warrior is safe.

The other way you are safe as a man in a cyclone cellar is safe.

LOVE THE TEST OF LIFE

Love is the best of moralists.—BACON.

LOVE is the test of life. It tries every soul. And it finds so much dross in us that it is a wonder it stays with us at all.

When love comes it demands nobleness. It sounds the trumpet for every high thought and feeling in us to rally.

It smites every base thing in us. It refuses to live in peace with meanness, selfishness or sordidness of any kind.

That is why so few people are capable of a great love. They are not worthy of it. To be sure, all of us have some of the tricks and imitations of love; for love is so good a thing that if we cannot have it we must have a pewter duplicate of it. When men cannot see God they make idols.

So we all have sex attraction. We treasure up flatteries and fair words, kisses and gifts and compliments: and these trinkets, ear-rings and

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shifts of love are the only things many of us understand.

But love itself is as shattering as God. Love is a revealer. It is a revelation. It is blinding vision.

For, have you not seen how, when a youth falls in love, his first persuasion is of his utter unworthiness? He is not fit to touch her glove. Every little vileness of his past rises to scorn him. He is crushed under a vast humiliation. That she will smile on him is a miracle; and he is ashamed, feeling that if she but knew him through and through she would flee.

Marriage is so often a failure because they two try to keep love without greatness of soul. The only happy, contented marriages among petty souls are those of indifference and convenience. To love, and not to be noble, means tragedy.

Love wars with egotism. No egotist can love. For love is the very soul of altruism. It means self-sinking, self-forgetfulness, self-obliteration. It passes over and sees a self worthy of honor only in the person of the beloved.

Love cannot dwell with pride. Its pith and marrow is humility. Any preening and perking up of self it abhors. It will not claim its own

LOVE THE TEST OF LIFE

rights. Its joy is surrender, and not conquest. It is great in meekness, after the manner of true greatness. It always "takes upon itself the form of a servant, and learns obedience." It refuses thrones. It washes feet.

Love gives, gives, gives. It never can give enough. Its climax of happiness is when it can give life itself. Its triumph is crucifixion.

Love transfigures. It renders the beloved object beautiful. Love does not spring from beauty; a thing is beautiful because it is loved.

So we see why love means such misery. It is a divine fire among earthly stubble. It comes to us; we leap to it; for it is the most glorious of all things; and then we discover its fatal requirement. Alas! we must be good, and we must be great. We fail. We go broken to our graves, hoping for a life beyond, where we may measure up to love.

That is, most of us do this. Some put away great love entirely. They choose littleness, because it is comfortable. They settle down to pleasant lives; cultured swine, intellectual cattle, more or less brainy beasts.

Still, though many strive with it and are wrecked, and others give it up, love goes on, al-

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mighty, inborn in every new child, inherent in humanity. It is our redemption and our torment. It is eternal. For it is God. God flowing, bursting up, heaving in tidal waves in the souls of men.

Suppressed here, it rises yonder. Silenced in one place its vocal harmonies break out in a hundred new places. Love almighty is God almighty. It is that breath which God breathed into the nostrils of the dust He had fashioned, and man became a living soul.

Heaven and Hell are but love's flame and shadow reflected upon the infinite.

THE TEETH AND CLAWS OF AL- TRUISM

Behind the idea of justice always lurks the idea of force.—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

AS civilization becomes more and more complex, justice must become more and more fundamental. Among simple people, in antique and ignorant eras, security was possible by force. The mediæval baron lived safe in his castle at home and in his harness in the field by the mere process of keeping the common people cowed. His walls and his soldiers were his sure support and defense. He alone had the power to destroy. He could hurt his people and hang or chop them; they could not touch him.

Times have changed. The invention of high explosives has rendered all walls obsolete. Even guards, armies and police are insufficient nowadays to protect a king. Bombs are cheap, and a dollar buys a revolver good enough to slay an emperor. The machinery of destruction is in

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the hands of the proletariat. The power to hurt has passed from duke and doge over to the cobbler and the plasterer.

Every assassination of a royal person contains this lesson. There is safety no more in high places, except as there is justice in low places.

“Be wise now therefore, O ye kings, and be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Kiss the people, lest they be angry and ye perish from the way when their wrath is kindled but a little.”

The rise of democracy has been accompanied with the growth of the terrific power of private vengeance. The other edge of democracy, its cutting edge, is the power of “one of the least of these, my brethren,” to kill. Along with the doctrines of altruism and universal brotherhood comes the manufacture of fulminates, dynamite, nitroglycerin and all the black brothers of the outraged.

And there is no refuge from this menace except justice. And not occasional justice, such as of courts and arbitration boards and special committees, but bottom justice which reaches to the basic equities, which indeed must utterly reorganize the social arrangement.

Every man must have a fair chance. No child

TEETH AND CLAWS OF ALTRUISM

shall under any circumstances have an unearned preference over another. Bringing one child into the world in the slums and feeding him on refuse, alcohol and lust, and bringing another child into the world in luxury and feeding him on milk and honey and love; this injustice must cease. All privilege, caste, every species of unfairness must stop.

So preaches the mild Jesus. So runs the gentle gospel.

But behind the flowers and perfume of this appeal of goodness is an iron horror, a thing with teeth and claws and fire-heart that says the same thing.

Let us be fair and just and love our neighbor and we will feel better. Quite so. But there is a hell side as well as a heaven side to every true preachment. Let us abide in unfairness, injustice and selfishness, and out of the pit of wrong and darkness by the side of which we feast shall come fire balls and cyanic vapors.

Wherever there is injustice there is danger. Wherever there is wrong there is concealed hell fire. Every oppression means an explosion. Every graft and connivance of roguery means, some time, somewhere, agony and heartbreak.

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“ Wherefore hear the word of the Lord, ye sorrowful men that rule this people.

“ Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death and with hell are we at agreement; therefore thus saith the Lord:

“ ‘ Behold, judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow your hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with death shall not stand.’ ”

IMITATION IN RELIGION

The customs of a people are their motive power.—DUCLOS.

THERE is nothing more imitative than our religious experience; nothing that seems to ourselves more profoundly original; nothing in which we follow more closely the footsteps of others.

By this I do not mean to imply that our religious feelings are not genuine. Quite the contrary. We can be as sincere in a suggested emotion as in a spontaneous emotion.

I believe in the religious feeling. I believe it to be the highest functioning of the human intelligence. But I am of those who labor to free it from ignorance, irrationality and base alloy, and to get it properly set in its true psychological place. Religion is not the private property of the church; it belongs to mankind; it doubtless exists in the house of God, but it is also in the outdoors of God, and there's a lot more outdoor

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space in the universe than there ever will be house room. I sympathize with and love all honest religious feeling.

But most of the feelings of any kind which we think our very own are imitative. The lover feels about as he has heard and read that others feel; the instinct is his own, its form is mimicked. We get angry at those things at which a man is supposed to get angry. A young Albanian private in the Turkish army the other day was executed for stabbing his captain, who had slapped his face. His defense was that his people always killed those who slapped their faces. He was willing to die to keep step with a racial impulse.

We eat and drink under the dictates of tastes which are copied. When we go to Marseilles we eat bouillabaisse, at Strasbourg we eat pate de foie gras, at Budapest we eat goulash, at Naples we eat macaroni, in Germany we eat limburger cheese and sauerkraut, down South we eat hot biscuit, and in Boston we eat beans; and in each instance good livers can throw themselves into a genuine imitative craving and relish for the specific dish of the locality. The most accomplished gourmets are those with the most adaptable palates.

IMITATION IN RELIGION

We build our houses to suit certain notions of personal comfort which we have inherited from our people or absorbed from our environments. When we travel we consult Baedeker or follow the suggestions of friends in selecting the places where we are to let our enthusiasm loose.

So, looking back, I can see how all my early religious experiences were run into molds ready-made for me by my surroundings. I was not satisfied until I had all the forms of emotion others said they had. When I awoke to this fact I was at first inclined to doubt the genuineness of my feelings, but more mature reflection brought me about to see that, while the manners and shapes of my sentiments were copied, the core and gist of them was truly my own, the moving of a deep, entirely individual and personal instinct within me.

Does not this explain some peculiar religious phenomena? For instance, the permanence of religious institutions, the fixity of creeds, the long life of churches, generation after generation growing up and passing through the same forms of faith?

Does it not explain, also, the remarkable spread, the epidemic nature of new religions, how

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they seem to catch and go like fire, increasing in arithmetical progression?

And does it not explain, also, the slow progress of trying to apply rational, scientific methods to religious thought? It requires the constant effort of reformers, prophets, saints and heroes to keep religion from hardening into empty form, or running away into a travestied sentimentality, and to keep it near to the individual, genuine truth.

Religion is eternal, because it is human. All churches are true, in a way. The Jew, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Christian Scientist, each is trying out, in the long experiment of years, some particular phase of the truth. Each doubtless will have a part in forming that sweet and reasonable religion, that rational, intelligent, perfect attitude toward the infinite which our children's children shall count not the least among the treasures we have wrought for them with our highest effort — the religion of to-morrow.

DO THE MEEK MAKE GOOD?

Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.—JESUS.

A GENTLEMAN writes that a magazine has offered a framed motto, "Blessed Are the Meek," to any meek person who has made good. He wants me to answer this.

One cannot answer a joke, much less a covert sneer. But if any cares to think clearly about meekness I can point the way.

The question is, what does it mean to make good? If it means to get on, then meekness is silly. If it means to become great, then meekness is the only way.

If to make good means to have some feudal master of dollars notice you, promote you or endow you by his royal will or pleasure; if it means to win in the gamble of business; if it means currying favor with the vested interests until you are made leading citizen of the village or judge of the court; if it means scheming, fawning and

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handshaking until you are elected governor of the state or bishop of the church; if it means spending millions in printer's ink and upon billboards until you make the multitude buy your brand of hats or soups or pianos; if it means what is commonly meant by success, to-wit, prominence, notoriety or wealth, then the meek do not make good.

But if by making good is meant to become strong, sane and sure in soul, wise and clear in mind, sweet and wholesome in character, with your own life full of peace and poise, and with your whole influence a help and inspiration to those who know you, then nobody ever does make good save the meek.

Jesus said, "the meek shall inherit the earth." To understand that you have to know what meekness is. It is not timidity, cowardice, servility and such tempers. It is — Humility.

And what is humility? It is the wish to be great and the dread of being called great. It is the wish to help and the dread of thanks. It is the love of service and the distaste for rule. It is trying to be good and blushing when caught at it. It is loyalty to truth and reality, and hate of sham and seeming.

In all the real things of life it is only the meek

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who inherit. In love it is the meek who sit upon thrones and it is the proud who bow down to them; in art it is the meek alone who have eyes to see the shy secrets of nature and the grace to fitly interpret them; in science it is the meek alone who have the subtle instinct for truth; in goodness it is only the meek who have that rare flower of unconscious purity, and in life's sterner affairs, before the furies of sickness, failure, calumny and death, it is only the meek who stand calm and ready, while the braggarts tremble, whine or flee.

Who of us, in his serious hour, would not rather be found worthy to stand beside old Socrates, poisoned like a rat in a hole, and Jesus, hung up to die between two thieves, and Lincoln, shot down like a dog, than to be brother to the last devious money lord or political baron who has schemed and bludgeoned his way to the kingship of these times?

To furnish the cheapest kind of prize to all the meek who make good would bankrupt a millionaire. For all over the world, among simple folk, "unwept, unhonored and unsung," each faithful in his small corner, are myriads of brave, helpful souls, who suppose themselves to be nothing, who would be amazed if told there is any-

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thing noble about them, yet who are facing life's responsibilities bravely and death's terrors unafraid and the unknown to-morrow with cheer and strong hearts. No prize of men or magazines can reach them, for they hide; but they wear unseen the crown of wild olive, for all that, and unto them shall be given the morning star.

They are like God; for, have you never noticed? God is so shy and humble and hidden that the humbugs don't believe He exists! God never seems to make good, until the centuries have their say.

WIDENING

Rien ne ressemble moins a l'homme qu'un homme — Nothing less resembles mankind than a man.— BALZAC.

I KNOW a woman who is a perpetual child. She retains all the childish strong love of them that love her and hate of them that hate her. And she makes no bones of it. She never tries to dye her likes and dislikes with color of justification, but is frank, open and above board slap-me-and-I'll-slap-you, and kiss-me-and-I'll-kiss-you.

And I don't know but she gets along about as well as those of us who try to be just and fair in our emotions.

For I have walked about in the mess of men and the ways of women some years and have observed, and my conclusion is that when all's said and done most of our instincts are downright primitive.

A soul wriggles a good deal, like a wobbly arrow, but as a rule it speeds from the bow of

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the cradle to the target of the grave in just about the trajectory which the hand that shot it designed it to take.

In plain prose, we are born with a bunch of tendencies and our days are spent in working them out.

We keep imitating and imitating other people whom we admire, but it is only a business of trying on successive suits till we find one that fits us. For we never permanently come under the influence of any one who is not just spiritually adapted to our own self.

So we say such a poet, author, actor, man or woman, "finds" us. Which simply means that such person helps us express our self.

We like a certain preacher, for instance. Why? Because he says what we think. We read a certain author with pleasure because he helps us give form to convictions we already have. So Lord Bacon shrewdly said he wrote a book to tell men what they had always known.

The soul is a narcissus that loves only those other souls which are as pools on which it can see the reflections of itself.

As life deepens we find in ourselves more and more of the multiplicity of humanity. And so we

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love more and more kinds of men and different traits of men.

It is herein that the sage differs from the petty soul. He has come into a broad sympathy with humanity because he has become more widely human. He sees that in himself are all crimes and all sanctities.

Hence with the saint on his knees, drunk with ideal holiness, the wise man is not shocked nor has any contempt, but he says amen to any whitest prayer, and with the drunkard, the thief and the murderer he has no bitter words of abhorrence, because in his own soul he has felt these swift shadows and poison, desperate darkness of them, and he wants to put his hand on the wretch's hand and say, in pity and humbleness — My brother!

So it is a straight way from the direct and childish soul that slaps back and kisses back, up to the serene character of the great soul that loves all and forgives all.

It is all a matter of more humanity, more life, more inner resources, more wealth of personal development.

A great man is like a wide sea and laves the shore of all continents and kinds of men. He loves all because he is akin to all.

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Jesus said to the woman taken in adultery: "Neither do I condemn thee"; to the thief on the cross: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise"; to God, speaking of his murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The difference is one of degree. The little soul sees itself only here and there among men. The great soul (which we call divine) sees itself in all mankind.

The child and the savage love their benefactors; intellectual people love their kind; saints love the brethren; sinners love their sort; the Jah of the Hebrews loved the chosen people; the God of the middle ages loved the elect; Jesus loved the world.

JESUS OUT OF DOORS

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the seaside.—MATTHEW.

WE can never understand Jesus until we get him away from the Temple.

It is when he steps from the altar and goes with us to the home, the workshop and the seaside, that we perceive his supreme significance to life.

And he is so much more splendid when we take him out of formulas of salvation, and walk with him along the ways of days.

The modern man, growing less and less sensitive to the appeal of ritual and authority, finds, like the two upon the road to Emmaus, that his heart burns within him, as he talks with Jesus out of doors.

Jesus out of doors, free from the stuffy air and stuffier ideas of the "meeting house"; Jesus, not a wooden part of a wooden scheme, but a luminous, warm Teacher; Jesus, unwrapped from the spicy grave-clothes of heathen rites, and treading with

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us the meadows of modern thought, with eternal springtime in his look; Jesus, descending from the incense-swathed niche and the light of candles, into the open of life and literature; Jesus, with his scepter of authority laid by, ruling now by the inspiration of his word; Jesus, with the "many crowns" of kingship removed, crowns he never wanted, but which the ignorant enthusiasm of a king-infested age forced upon him, thrice as unwelcome to the real grandeur of his soul as the Crown of Thorns; Jesus, coming among us with the genuine greatness of his character, and stripped of the artificial greatness of thrones, dignities, and robes, great in vision and wisdom and love, and relieved of soul-killing superstition; this Jesus is one whose leadership rests not upon his birth, nor prophecies, nor miracles, nor the conclusions of logic, nor the authority of Church and State, nor Tradition; but, with a fair field and no favor, by sheer virtue of his dominant personality and ideas, easily outstrips all competitors in the race for mastery.

What a joy to him it must be to know that he has ceased to be a battle-cry for the fierce passions of war, is ceasing to be the bone of contention between sects, and is coming to be the symbol of

JESUS OUT OF DOORS

individual nobleness and social brotherliness everywhere!

The clash of theological discussion has died away; people have lost interest in the mighty themes that once rent nations; religious bigotry, and its shadow, irreligious bigotry, have practically disappeared; vast libraries of religious dispute and speculation molder away, read no more; ancient institutions are crumbling, upheld only by enormous endowments; yet in all this downfall and decay we see no diminution of the real mastery of Jesus over the thought of mankind.

Only to him can the altruist appeal as to one having those far dreams of perfect beauty for the race. In him only, of all masters, the working-man finds those ideals of dynamic power and seed persistence that insure the downfall of all tyrannies. He alone stands in the ultimate ways of all political economy. What God may be we cannot tell, but up to this day no figure but that of Jesus stands between us and our loftiest, sweetest conception of God, "like an angel in the sun." And of all the world's great teachers he alone remains with us in the mist and dark of death, and whispers: "It is I. Be not afraid!"

In endowed pulpits doubtless they are still dron-

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ing upon the themes of Trinitarianism and Unitarianism; but the modern mind cares not whether he was human, divine, or myth. It asks, What is he? not What *was* he?

Because the question to-day is, What does he, or any man, or God, mean to my character? We have lost interest in salvation beyond the grave. Now, as in the New Testament, it is a scarcely mentioned topic.

We are interested in life here, power and depth of life, that "eternal quality" of life, without which any "eternal duration" would be as insufferable in Angelico's Heaven as in Orcagna's Hell.

And for purposes of character-making, inspiration, wisdom, purity, holiness and nobility, we need the Ideal Jesus. So long as the Ideal is here we care not by what avenues it comes. It came through the New Testament. It might have come through Goethe, Plutarch or Victor Hugo, only it did not. The point is that to the modern mind it is the fact of Jesus, his teachings, his life-story, the mental picture of him and his fecundating thoughts, and not the vehicle through which this fact has come to us, that is important.

JESUS OUT OF DOORS

The little Christ that lay on Mary's breast,
The babe the mediæval mind caressed,
Is not my Jesus; mine's a new-born hope
That builds each morn within my life its nest.

The Christ that once in ancient Galilee
Strewed golden parables beside the sea,
Is not my Lord; he vaster walks to-day
The avenues of souls, and talks with me.

That Christ between two thieves there on the hill
Is not the Son of God we helped to kill;
In slum and prison, nailed twixt law and lust,
Hangs the dim horror of our common will.

There *was* no Christ, I say! That thorn-set brow
Was not, but *is*, eternally and now!
Up through the hate of centuries he bears
The unwilling world to love, we know not how.

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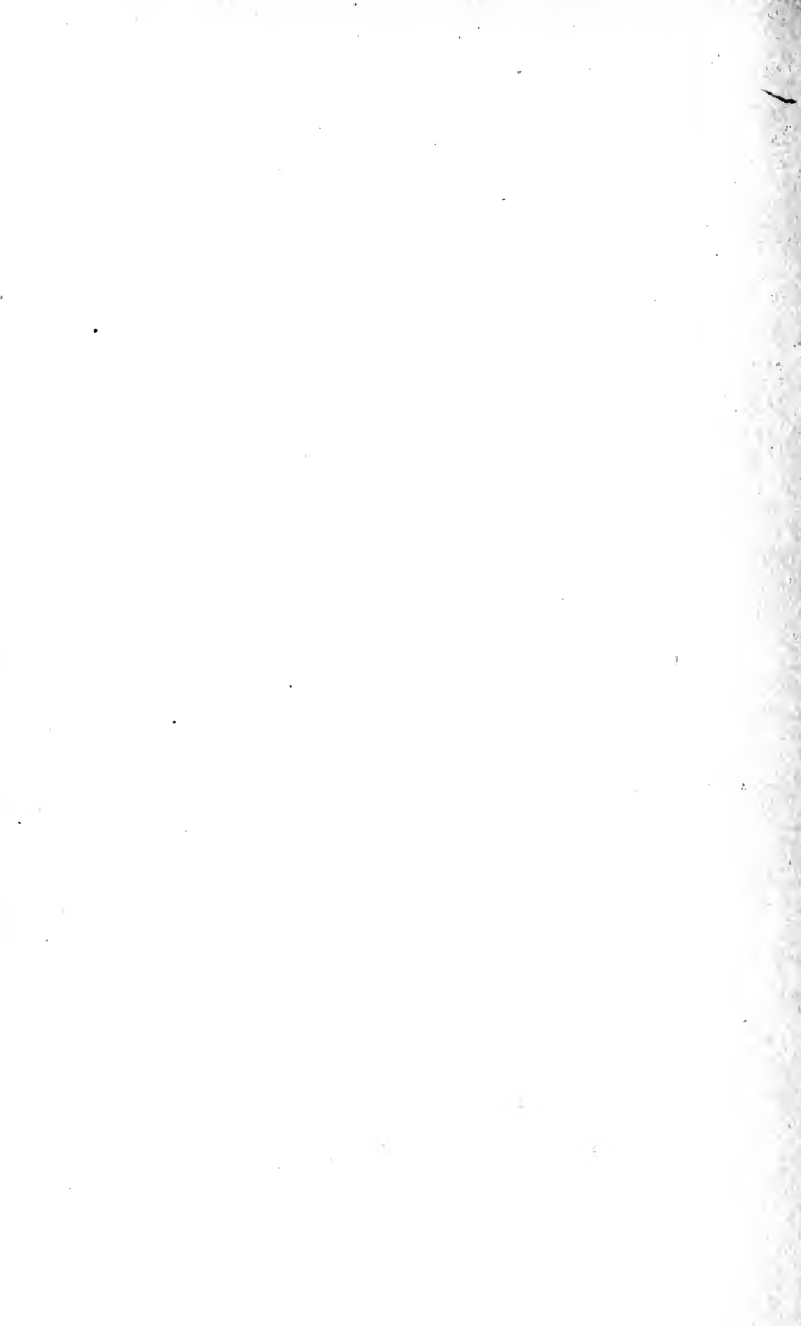
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